

# THE GRAPHIC

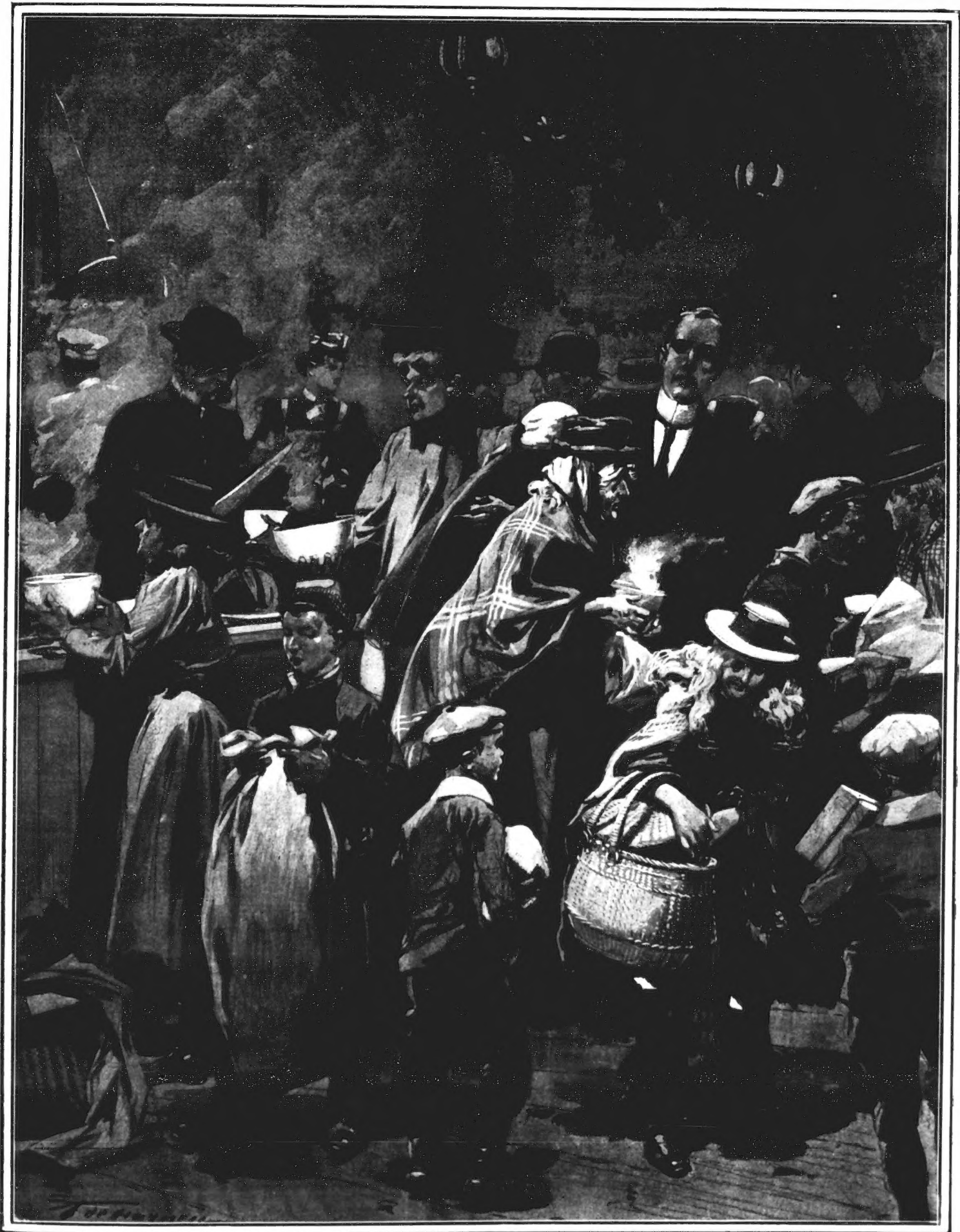
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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WITH TWO EXTRA SUPPLEMENTS  
"Frontispiece to Vol. LXV." and "Events of the Year"

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DRAWN FROM LIFE BY F. DE HAENEN

## Topics of the Week

OF the principalities of South-Eastern Europe it was once said: *Pays balkaniques, pays volcaniques*; but the Balkans are a Sleepy Hollow by the side of South America. It is told of an English tourist that once, while travelling by rail through one of the Central American Republics, a shower of bullets suddenly shattered the windows of the railway carriage. Without the slightest sign of alarm the other passengers dropped quietly under the seats while the train continued on its way. The traveller asked his neighbour for an explanation. "General Election in progress," replied the passenger, while he also comfortably settled himself on the floor. The story is probably not true, but it is certainly *ben trovato*. If these explosive nationalities only occupied a planet of their own they might go on the rampage to the end of time and it would not matter. It happens, however, that they are part and parcel of the inhabitants of this terrestrial globe, and that they are in political and trading relations with other nations who take a calmer view of life. They must, consequently, be frequently brought into conflict with these other nations, for the interests of foreigners suffer by their civil disorders, and the sanctity of treaties and of international law is often invaded and trampled upon by their revolutions. Even this would not matter much were it not for the Monroe Doctrine. Powers which may be aggrieved by some South American State find that they cannot seek redress without risking a conflict with the United States, and the limitations thus placed on their punitive rights assures a demoralising impunity to the irresponsible Republics. The problem, consequently, runs in a vicious circle. Some six years ago Great Britain took the bull by the horns in Nicaragua, and occupied the port of Carinto until the insolent Republic agreed to make due reparation for its outrageous conduct to a British Consular officer. There were, of course, black looks in Washington, but happily the Nicaraguans came to their senses and all ended happily. We are now threatened with a repetition of this incident on the coast of Venezuela, where a German expedition is preparing to assert its incontestable rights in a similar way. No doubt the Venezuelans will give way, and once more a dangerous crisis will be safely overcome. It is obvious, however, that this sort of experience will not always end in the same way. Venezuela and Nicaragua are not the only South American States which are a prey to disorder. War and revolution are now threatening half a dozen other States on the same continent, and at any moment foreign intervention for the protection of foreign residents may become necessary. One of these days these interventions will lead to a direct challenge of the Monroe Doctrine, and then the situation will reach a point of extreme gravity. How is this peril to be avoided? The wisest statesmanship must feel baffled by this question, but it is one which for the sake of the peace of the world will have to be faced, and the sooner it is faced the better.

ALTHOUGH there are not wanting some clouds on the British sky, all but confirmed pessimists must admit that 1902 opens auspiciously on the whole. The international situation affords no cause for the least anxiety; all the Great Powers appear to consider that their greatest interest is the maintenance of European peace. What chafings exist are mostly of a commercial character, and England being the greatest trading country in the world necessarily plays a leading part in this keen rivalry. Happily, despite the doleful predictions of alarmists, there is, as yet, no reason to fear the outcome of this struggle. Our external business has, it is true, latterly shrunk to some slight extent, but some of our principal competitors have and are suffering still more seriously from over-production. The much talked-of "American invasion" has done little harm up to date, while, on the other hand, it has effected considerable good by warning our merchants and manufacturers to reform their antiquated methods of distribution and production. The revenue returns indicate very clearly that the South African War has not in the least crippled our taxable power; unless the untoward occurs, the Chancellor or of the Exchequer should be able to show a comfortable Budget balance at the end of the financial year. The preparations for the Coronation festivities, coupled with the cessation of Court mourning, will shortly set a deal of money in circulation, while the crowds of wealthy visitors who will flock to England in June will not go away without having their purses lightened. With regard to the guerilla war, it will be safer to venture on no definite prophecies. All that can be said at present is that Lord Kitchener and Lord Milner between them are steadily and continuously persevering with the policy of wearing down the Boer bands by exhaustion.

### Our Coal Measures

THE Government has acted most rightly by appointing a Royal Commission to investigate the question of our future supply of fuel in all its intricate ramifications. Owing to largely increased consumption for manufacturing purposes, the coal output has grown at such a rate that former calculations are out of date. There is, however, more than a possibility that before very long relief will be afforded by the substitution of oil fuel for coals, and by the utilisation of water and wind power as creative forces. The Royal Commissioners are directed to inquire exhaustively into that branch of the subject, and as they will address themselves to it with open minds, the nation cannot fail to gain some enlightenment from their labours. A collateral matter of extreme consequence is the dependence of the British Navy on private sources for an adequate supply of steam coals. On one or two occasions lately, the Admiralty experienced considerable difficulty in obtaining all it wanted, and could only satisfy national requirements by paying fancy prices. It is a serious question, therefore, whether, as the normal quantity is and must be limited, some step should not be taken to diminish exports to a larger extent than has resulted from the imposition of a small duty. Surely, to insure a full supply for the Navy at all times and under all circumstances, the State should become the owner of sufficient collieries in South Wales or elsewhere.

### King Edward's Hospital Fund for London

UNDER this honourable title, the Samaritan organisation which owed its inception and much of its success to the King when he was yet Prince of Wales, will be known for the future. Apart, however, from this titular change, there will be no alteration whatever, with one exception. Owing to the increase of work, it has been found necessary to establish a permanent office at 81, Cheapside, and all subscriptions should be forwarded to that address. It goes without the saying that public contributions will have exceptional magnitude this year. They are to be specially ear-marked as a personal "Coronation Gift" to His Majesty, it being assumed that no present would be more acceptable to him than one devoted to the relief of human suffering among the six millions of his subjects who dwell within the Metropolitan area. It is right and fitting, too, that the beginning of his reign should be made memorable by the subscription of a sum distancing all previous collections. After all, what is 100,000% compared with the accumulated wealth of the richest city in the world? Some of the founders of the more ancient hospitals gave, individually, more than that in proportion to the then value of money; and yet there was not a single millionaire among them. It cannot be questioned, therefore, that the "Coronation Gift" will be of such magnitude as to satisfy the hopes of its Royal recipient, high as they are sure to soar in one to whom the sick poor have always been objects of the most tender solicitude.

## Dinners for the Poor

AN interesting ceremony took place at the Model Soup Kitchen, 357, Euston Road, on Christmas Day, when a distribution of Christmas fare, presided over by Dr. Percy Jakins, was made to several hundred of the poorest men, women and children of the neighbourhood. Outside, in Euston Road, a long, thin line of haggard, ill-clad people were waiting patiently for the door to open, and, punctually at 12.30, they streamed in and were served by a willing band of helpers, receiving, in exchange for each ticket presented, a quarter of a pound of tea, a loaf of bread, sugar, oranges, bonbons and a pound of plum pudding. It was touching to witness the gratitude with which these simple gifts were received, and to see the happy look on the pinched faces of the recipients as they hurried away with bags, baskets and aprons loaded with the wherewithal to make a merry Christmas. It is sad to state that an institution which does so much useful work is in danger of having to close its doors owing to lack of funds, its resources having been seriously crippled—in common with many other philanthropic undertakings, through the unusual claims made upon the benevolence by the charities called into existence by the War. The Model Soup Kitchen was founded by the late Dr. Isaac Negus Jakins in 1846, and was the first institution of its kind established in the metropolis. During its fifty-five years of usefulness it has supplied eleven million gallons of good soup to the poor of the neighbourhood, and lately new boilers with a capacity of 230 gallons have been installed, so that, if the funds permitted, over 1,800 persons could be supplied with a pint of soup daily. The kitchen is conducted on admirable lines. It is open during the winter months from 11 to 2 o'clock, and no one is turned away, but the spirit of self-help is encouraged as much as possible, and if a person has no ticket he has to pay for what he consumes unless he is too poor to do so. There is always a choice of three dishes, soup made of bullock's head and barley, pea soup flavoured with bacon, and boiled rice and milk. Last winter, 63,000 poor men, women, and children were fed, half of whom were working men who paid cost price for their meal. The Committee has issued an urgent appeal for help in order that the good work may be carried out, and donations will be thankfully received by the treasurer, Dr. Percy Jakins, at 129, Harley Street, W.

## The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By I. ASHBY STERRY

THE rarity of real Christmas weather on Christmas Day has recently been pointed out in an article full of interesting statistics in the *Daily Graphic*. This year we were scarcely more fortunate in this respect, and the week before Christmas was of such an inclement description that it is a wonder any of us were capable of enjoying December 25 at all. The meteorological misery so frequently encountered at the end of the Old Year and the beginning of the New one leads one to fancy there might be a very fair reason for putting off the celebration of the "festive season" until midsummer. There are two aspects of Christmas, and let it be understood I am only speaking of its social side. How are you to get through your shopping and buy exactly the things you want if it is a thick fog? How are you to reach your Christmas dinner, to which you have been invited two months ago, if the snow is thick on the ground and no horse can stand on his legs? How are you to take half a dozen children to the pantomime if the roads are impassable? Again, how can you expect to be jovial when you are half frozen? How can you be genial with a bad sore-throat? How can you troll a Christmas carol with a bad cold in your head? Every theatre you visit is a risk, many entertainments you go to are misfortunes, and not a few dinner-parties are disasters. Think how absolutely different it would be if we socially celebrated Christmas Day on June 21. See the amount of enjoyment we could compass without risk of catching cold, and the intense pleasure we could command without the risk of being frost-bitten. Of course, we should have to give up to a certain extent what is called "Christmas fare"—but we should find ample compensation in the fruits and flowers of summer. At any rate, the idea is worth thinking of, and if any bond of energetic people would carry it out, I have but little doubt they would find it not only pleasant but remunerative.

The *Academy*, which has made itself so popular by altogether eschewing the "spiteful slate," which is so easy to do, and which has been so frequently fatal to literary journals, fails not to be gracefully critical when occasion demands. Everyone who has been weary of the poetic epidemic of late years, will read with great delight the excellent article in a recent number, entitled "To what End?" It is full of good things. For instance, "The garden of literature is overgrown with the weed of the amateur," and where the writer speaks of the amateurs "settling like the locusts on the land and consuming the green leaf of literature." Furthermore, the writer says, "The amateur novelist, of course, forms the main body of the invasion: but next to these comes the monstrous regiment of amateur poets. They mainly help to discredit the already discredited name of poet." It is often a matter of wonder to me that the most difficult of all professions, literature, painting, music, and the drama, are so terribly overcrowded with amateurs.

The Pro-Bores require close watching! Pray note the spelling, and do not misunderstand me. I am not alluding to South African affairs for a moment, but I am speaking of those who advocate the driving of tunnels and tubes in all directions beneath the surface of London. It is a good many years ago since, in this column, I sounded the note of danger. We have had several serious warnings in different parts of London since, but the Pro-Bores laugh them to scorn. The latest disaster is said to be a subsidence in Finsbury Pavement, where, according to the *City Press*, "the new Moorgate station of the City and South London is one of the worst sufferers." Shall we have to wait for some terrible catastrophe before the Pro-Bores are checked in their everlasting burrowings?

Recent disputes with regard to a will-case point to the advantage of using a special kind of paper with a dated watermark for legal documents. Indeed, a good deal of litigation would be saved if such a course were made compulsory. A somewhat similar instance to that of the will alluded to—though it was in no way in connection with establishing the legality of a deed—once happened to myself. A lady brought me an unmounted drawing said to be by David Cox, and asked my opinion as to its authenticity. I looked at it, and at once said that I considered the work in question had never been touched by the great landscape-painter, but she still seemed to be somewhat doubtful. Whilst we were talking I happened to hold the picture up to the light. "And now," I remarked, "I am quite certain that David Cox had nothing whatever to do with it." "Why?" she asked. "Because," I replied, "the watermark on the paper bears the date of 1880, which was long after the death of David Cox!"

Jostling in the London streets would appear to be a more widespread evil than I had imagined. Everybody complains of it and everybody suggests a remedy. "Runcmin" says:—"If anyone bumps up against you in the street, it is clearly an assault, and your best plan is to call a policeman and give your assailant in charge. Whether a magistrate would commit on this charge, I am unable to say, but such a proceeding would undoubtedly administer a wholesome check to a custom that is beginning to be an absolute nuisance." Possibly it might, but meantime the nuisance is daily increasing. It was only the other day that I was walking down Regent Street with a Christmas present under my arm, when I was charged by a great unwieldy, rolling mar, apparently respectable, who had plenty of room to pass without collision, but who nearly smashed my parcel. "'Tis nice to wander down Regent Street!" sang Arthur Cecil many years ago. In the present day we get so bumped about and bruised that very little enjoyment is to be derived from the perambulation of the heretofore pleasant thoroughfare.



## The Christmas Entertainments

## "BLUE BEARD" AT DRURY LANE

THE scenic beauty, the pageantry and the sense of harmony of colour displayed in the mounting of *Blue Beard* will bear favourable comparison with any one of these Christmas annuals since the now far-off days when the energy, enterprise and good taste of the late Sir Augustus Harris raised DRURY LANE to the position of the chief of pantomime houses. The scene of the cascade of real water falling into the lake, on which living swans glide to and fro, undaunted by the dancers, who swarm upon the stage and trip across the little bridge, is a delightful feast for the eye; nor is less to be said of the ballet of ferns, with the final procession of the Fairies and the making of the Magic Fan, which is to protect their *protégée* Fatima from the perils to which she is exposed as the unwilling bride-elect of the tyrant Blue Beard. A pretty piece of scenic illusion also is the scene of the Castle Terrace and Gardens with which the second part opens. But all these details, and many more, though picturesque and striking in themselves, are thrown into the shade by the magnificent scene of "The Triumph of the Magic Fan," with its gorgeous processions, its brilliant series of ballets, its rich and beautifully contrasted costumes, its Watteau fans and endless other details which lead up to the finale of the second part. Mr. Leno's Sister Anne is a diverting creation, and that his attempt to touch the conscience of the murderous Blue Beard after the fashion of Hamlet and the King, together with his repeated failure, owing to Blue Beard's neglect to fall in with the scheme and call for "Lights! lights! lights!" is decidedly amusing, though I fear that juvenile spectators may have missed the point of the parody. Mr. Herbert Campbell, who modifies his blue beard to a degree which does some violence to the traditions of the nursery, achieves a decided success with his song about "the latest improvements," and also in the topical duet with Mr. Dan Leno in the second part. Mr. Emney's comic manner and strong sense of eccentric character serve him well in the part of Mustapha, the "universal provider," who is ready to furnish the wicked Blue Beard with six new wives in the place of half a dozen old ones. The ladies of the cast make more than a goodly show, for Miss Julian Franks, as Fatima, and Miss Elaine Ravensberg, as Selim, act with vivacity and spirit, and bring to the singing of Mr. James Glover's tuneful music the advantage both of cultivated voices and good style.

## THE VAUDEVILLE

The story of *Bluebell in Fairyland*, which has been so cleverly converted by Messrs. Seymour Hicks and Walter Slaughter into a "Musical Dream Play" for the benefit of the young folk at the VAUDEVILLE, manifestly owes its inspiration to Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland," but the treatment is not the less ingenious, and altogether this is one of the most delightful

(Continued on page 8)

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 "KATAWAMPUS" AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S  
 Drawn by George Soper



SELIM (Miss Elaine Ravensberg) FATIMA (Miss Julia Franks) BLUE BEARD (Mr. Herbert Campbell) SISTER ANNE (Mr. Dan Leno)  
 "BLUE BEARD" AT DRURY LANE: GIVING THE KEYS TO FATIMA  
 DRAWN BY A. S. BOYD





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pieces of its kind. It is put on the stage with great splendour in the way of scenery and costumes, and is sustained by a company who act with much spirit, and are able to do justice to Mr. Slaughter's tuneful music. Mr. Seymour Hicks, as the crossing-sweeper and lover of the little street flower-girl, who dreams the wondrous dream set forth with such abundance of brilliant and humorous epistles in the second act, plays with all his accustomed energy and vivacity, and surely no more winning representative of Little Blue-bell could have been found than Miss Elaline Terriss. The humours of the play are chiefly entrusted to Mr. Murray King and Mr. Sidney Harcourt.

#### THE PRINCE OF WALES'S

Mr. Abbott Parry's "Katawampus"—one of the few children's books since the days of the author of "Alice in Wonderland" that appear to be likely to exercise a permanent hold on the affections of young readers—has furnished the author and his dramatic coadjutor, Mr. Louis Calvert, with the substance of the merry Christmas piece, with the same title, brought out at the PRINCE OF WALES'S Theatre on Monday afternoon. The story of Olga and Molly, Kate and Tomakin, whose incorrigible naughtiness ends in their being carried off to the cave of the terrible Krabs, provides much humour of a boisterous kind. Mr. Courtice Pounds, as the Cave Man, who undertakes to repair children with neatness and despatch, and "supply good tempers and new manners" at a liberal rate, sings the songs allotted to him in excellent style, and Mr. Lablache and Miss Jessie Moore extract good fun out of the parts of the parents of the unruly children.

#### THE HIPPODROME

At the popular HIPPODROME the new Christmas piece, *Aladdin*, is but one in an extensive list of entertainments that appeal directly to the sympathies of the holiday playgoing public; but it is not the less brilliant on that account. The whole mounting of the piece is, indeed, distinguished by a fine artistic sense and finish which are too often wanting in ordinary displays of scenic magnificence. The market-place of Pekin, the grand Hall of Aladdin, with its lovely ballets and its Feast of Lanterns, will long be remembered by visitors to this popular house. Of the humours of the piece the chief share falls to Mr. Fred Williams as the Widow Twankey.

#### THE AVENUE

Our old, though of late somewhat neglected, favourite, "Gulliver," has, thanks to Mr. George Grossmith, jun., taken possession of the AVENUE this holiday time, though only in the afternoons, those clever little players, Maudie Ray and Master Roy Lorraine, being mercifully adjudged unequal to the arduous task of two performances daily. The adaptor of *Gulliver's Travels* has skillfully developed the contrasts between his hero and the tiny Lilliputians and gigantic Brobdingnagians. Mr. Roland Cunningham, who plays Gulliver, has the advantage of a pleasing voice, and the little players already mentioned are an abundant source of pleasure to their audiences.

#### THE GRAND

The GRAND Theatre at Islington holds a high place among the suburban houses which regularly produce pantomimes at Christmas. *Cinderella*, this year, is the subject chosen by Mr. Hickory Woon, whose opening will awaken reminiscences of the Drury Lane pantomime on the same theme a year or two ago, but will probably not be the less welcome on that account. It is very bright, and admirably acted, and goes from first to last, both in its picturesque and its humorous scenes, with a briskness which pieces of this kind pre-eminently demand. The heroine is played very agreeably by Miss Ruby Verdi, Miss Millicent Marsden is the Prince Caramel



GULLIVER BEING INTRODUCED TO THE EMPEROR OF BROBINGNAG  
"GULLIVER'S TRAVELS" AT THE AVENUE  
Drawn by Sydney Higham

of the cast, while the principal share of the drolleries falls to Mr. Harr; Randall as William Buttons, to Mr. Tom Craven as the impecunious Baron, and to Messrs. Wheatman and George Bastow as the two ugly sisters.

#### THE CRYSTAL PALACE

At the Crystal Palace there is a capital circus, with all the usual fun and frolic of the clowns, two of whom are exceedingly good in a comic boxing match. Mademoiselle Ada's dogs, too, are one of the chief attractions. There is also a pantomime, *Blue Beard*, which is not behind its rivals in picturesque scenery and smart costumes, while it rises somewhat above the level of its suburban competitors in the matter of vocal talent.



"ALADDIN" AT THE HIPPODROME  
Drawn by O. Paque



"CINDERELLA" AT THE GRAND, ISLINGTON  
Drawn by Frank Gillett





"He had his finger on the chart, but paused and looked up, fixing his bright glance on the face of the white-haired gentleman"

## THE VULTURES

A STORY OF 1881

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN. Illustrated by W. HATHERELL, R.I.

### CHAPTER I.

#### ALL AT SEA

MR. JOSEPH P. MANGLES, at his ease in a deck-chair on the broad Atlantic, was smoking a most excellent cigar. Mr. Mangles was a tall, thin man, who carried his head in the manner curiously known at a girls' school as "poking." He was a clean-shaven man, with bony forehead, sunken cheeks, and an underhung mouth. His attitude towards the world was one of patient disgust. He had the air of pushing his way, chin first, doggedly through life. The weather had been bad, and was now moderating. But Mr. Mangles had not suffered from sea-sickness. He was a dry, hard person, who suffered from nothing but chronic dyspepsia; had suffered from it for fifty years or so.

"Fine weather," he said. "Women will be coming on deck—hang the fine weather."

And his voice was deep and low like a growl.

"Joseph," said Miss Mangles, "growls over his meals like a dog."

The remark about the weather and the women was addressed to a man who leant against the rail. Indeed, there was no one else near: and the man made no reply. He was twenty-five or thirty years younger than Mr. Mangles, and looked like an Englishman, but not aggressively so. The large majority of Britons are offensively British. Germans are no better; so it must be racial, this offensiveness. A Frenchman is at his worst, only comically French—a matter of a smile; but Teutonic characteristics are conducive to hostility.

The man who leant against the rail near to Joseph R. Mangles was six feet high, and rather heavily built, but,

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like many big men, he seemed to take up no more than his due share of room in this crowded world. There was nothing distinctive about his dress. His demeanour was quiet. When he spoke he was habitually asked to repeat his remark, which he did, with patience, in the same soft inaudible voice.

There were two men on board this great steamer, who were not business men—Joseph P. Mangles and Reginald Cartoner. And, like two ships on a sea of commercial interests, they had drifted together during the four days that had elapsed since their departure from New York. Neither made anything, or sold anything, or had a card in his waistcoat-pocket ready for production at a moment's notice, setting forth name and address and trade. Neither was to be suspected of a desire to repel advances, and yet both were difficult to get on with. For human confidences must be mutual. It is only to God that man can continue telling, telling, telling; and getting never a word in return. These two men had nothing to tell their fellows about themselves; so the other passengers drifted away into those closely linked corporations characteristic of steamer life and left them to themselves—to each other.

And they had never said things to each other—had never, as it were, got deeper than the surface of their daily life.

Cartoner was a dreamy man, with absorbed eyes, rather deeply sunk under a strong forehead. His eyelids had that peculiarity which is rarely seen in the face of a man who is a nonentity. They were quite straight, and cut across the upper curve of the pupil. This gave a direct, stern look to dreamy eyes, which was odd. After a pause, he turned slowly, and looked down at his companion with a vague interrogation in his glance. He seemed to be wondering

whether Mr. Mangles had spoken. And Mangles met the glance with one of steady refusal to repeat his remark. But Mangles spoke first after all.

"Yes," he said, "the women will be on deck soon—and my sister Jooly. You don't know Jooly?"

He spoke with a slow and pleasant American accent.

"I saw you speaking to a young lady in the saloon after luncheon," said Cartoner. "She had a blue ribbon round her throat. She was pretty."

"That wasn't Jooly," said Mr. Mangles, without hesitation.

"Who was it?" asked Cartoner, with the simple directness of those who have no self-consciousness—who are absorbed, but not in themselves, as are the majority of men and women.

"My niece, Netty Cahere."

"She is pretty," said Cartoner, with a spontaneity which would have meant much to feminine ears.

"You'll fall in love with her," said Mangles, lugubriously. "They all do. She says she can't help it."

Cartoner looked at him, as one who has ears, but hears not. He made no reply.

"Distresses her very much," concluded Mangles, dexterously shifting his cigar by a movement of the tongue from the port to the starboard side of his mouth. Cartoner did not seem to be very much interested in Miss Netty Cahere. He was a man having that air of detachment from present environments which is apt to arouse curiosity in the human heart, more especially in feminine hearts. People wanted to know what there was in Cartoner's past that gave him so much to think about in the present.

The two men had not spoken again, when Miss Netty Cahere came on deck. She was accompanied by the fourth

officer, a clean built, clean-shaven young man, who lost his heart every time he crossed the Atlantic. He was speaking rather earnestly to Miss Cahere, who listened with an expression of puzzled protest on her pretty face. She had wondering, blue eyes, and a complexion of the most delicate pink and white which never altered. She was slightly built, and carried herself in a subtly deprecating manner, as if her own opinion of herself were small, and she wished the world to accept her at that valuation. She made no sign of having perceived her uncle, but nevertheless dismissed the fourth officer, who reluctantly mounted the ladder to the bridge, looking back as he went.

Mr. Mangles threw his cigar overboard.

"She don't like smoke," he growled.

Cartoner looked at the cigar, and absent-mindedly threw his cigarette after it. He had apparently not made up his mind whether to go or stay, when Miss Cahere approached her uncle, without appearing to notice that he was not alone.

"I suppose," she said, "that that was one of the officers of the ship, though he was very young—quite a boy. He was telling me about his mother. It must be terrible to have a near relation a sailor."

She spoke in a gentle voice, and it was evident that she had a heart full of sympathy for the suffering and the poor.

"I wish some of my relations were sailors," replied Mr. Mangles, in his deepest tones. "Could spare a whole crew. Let me introduce my friend Mr. Cartoner—Miss Cahere."

He completed the introduction with an old-fashioned and ceremonious wave of the hand. Miss Cahere smiled rather shyly on Cartoner, and it was his eyes that turned away first.

"You have not been down to meals," he said, in his gentle, abrupt way.

"No; but I hope to come now. Are there many people? Have you friends on board?"

"There are very few ladies. I know none of them."

"But I daresay some of them are nice," said Miss Cahere, who evidently thought well of human nature.

"Very likely."

And Cartoner lapsed into his odd and somewhat disconcerting thoughtfulness.

Miss Cahere continued to glance at him beneath her dark lashes—dark lashes around blue eyes—with a guileless and wondering admiration. He certainly was a very good-looking man, well set up, with that quiet air which bespeaks good breeding.

"Have you seen the ship on the other side?" she asked after a pause; "a sailing ship. You cannot see it from here."

As she spoke she made a little movement, as if to show him the spot from whence the ship was visible. Cartoner followed her meekly, and Mr. Mangles, left behind in his deck-chair, slowly sought his cigar-case.

"There," said Miss Cahere, pointing out a sail on the distant horizon. "One can hardly see it now. When I first came on deck it was much nearer. That ship's officer pointed it out to me."

Cartoner looked at the ship without much enthusiasm.

"I think," said Miss Cahere, in a lower voice—she had a rather confidential manner—"I think sailors are very nice, don't you? But . . . well, I suppose one ought not to say that, ought one?"

"It depends what you were going to say."

Miss Cahere laughed, and made no reply. Her laugh and a glance seemed, however, to convey the comfortable assurance that whatever she had been about to say would not have been applicable to Cartoner himself. She glanced at his trim, upright figure.

"I think I prefer soldiers," she said, thoughtfully.

Cartoner murmured something inaudible, and continued to gaze at the ship he had been told to look at.

"Did you know my uncle before you came on board, or were you brave enough to force him to speak? He is so silent, you know, that most people are afraid of him. I suppose you had met him before."

"No. It was a mere accident. We were neither of us ill. We were both hungry, and hurried down to a meal. And the stewards placed us next to each other."

Which was a long explanation, without much information in it.

"Oh, I thought perhaps you were in the diplomatic service," said Miss Cahere, carelessly.

For an instant Cartoner's eyes lost all their vagueness. Either Miss Cahere had hit the mark with her second shot, or else he was making a mental note of the fact that Mr. Mangles belonged to that amiable body of amateurs, the American Diplomatic Corps.

Mr. Mangles had naturally selected the leeward side of the deck-house for his seat, and Miss Cahere had brought Cartoner round to the weather side, where a cold Atlantic breeze made the position untenable. Without explanation, and for her own good, he led the way to a warmer quarter. But at the corner of the deck-house a gust caught Miss Cahere, and held her there in a pretty attitude, with her two hands upraised to her hat, looking at him with frank and laughing eyes, and waiting for him to come to her assistance. The same gust of wind made the steamer lurch so that Cartoner had to grasp Miss Cahere's arm to save her from falling.

"Thank you," she said quietly, and with downcast eyes, when the incident had passed. For in some matters she held old-fashioned notions, and was not one of the modern race of hail-fellow-well-met girls who are friendly in five minutes with men and women alike.

When she came within sight of her uncle, she suddenly hurried towards him, and made an affectionate, laughing attempt to prevent his returning his cigar-case to his jacket pocket. She even took possession of the cigar-case, opened it, and with her own fingers selected a cigar.

"No," she said firmly, "you are going to smoke again at once. Do you think I did not see you throw away the other? Mr. Cartoner—is it not foolish of him? Because I once said, without reflecting, that I did not care about the smell of tobacco, he never lets me see him smoke now."

As she spoke she laid her hand affectionately on the old man's shoulder and looked down at him.

"As if it mattered whether I like it or not," she said. "And I do like it—I like the smell of your cigars."

Mr. Mangles looked from Cartoner to his niece with an old smile, which was perhaps the only way in which that lean countenance could express tenderness.

"As if it mattered what I think," she said humbly again.

"Always like to conciliate a lady," said Mr. Mangles, in his deep voice.

"Especially when that lady is dependent on you for her daily bread, and her frocks," answered Netty, in an affectionate aside, which Cartoner was, nevertheless, able to overhear.

"Where is your aunt Jooly?" inquired the old man, hurriedly. "I thought she was coming on deck."

"So she is," answered Netty. "I left her in the saloon. She is quite well. She was talking to some people."

"What, already?" ejaculated the lady's brother. And Netty nodded her head with a mystic gravity. She was looking towards the saloon stairway, from whence she seemed to expect Miss Mangles.

"My sister Jooly, sir," explained Mr. Mangles to Cartoner, "is no doubt known to you—Miss Julia P. Mangles of New York City."

Cartoner tried to look as if he had heard the name before. He had lived in the United States during some months, and he knew that it is possible to be famous in New York, and quite without honour in Connecticut.

"Perhaps she has not come into your line of country?" suggested Mr. Mangles, not unkindly.

"No—I think not."

"Her line is—at present—Prisons."

"I have never been in prison," replied Cartoner.

"No doubt you will get experience in course of time," said Mr. Mangles, with his deep, curt laugh. "No, sir, my sister is a lecturer. She gets on platforms and talks."

"What about?" asked Cartoner.

Mr. Mangles described the wide world, with a graceful wave of his cigar.

"About most things," he answered gravely; "chiefly about women, I take it. She is great on the employment of women, and the payment of them. And she is right there. She has got hold of the right end of the stick there. She has found out what very few women know—namely, that when women work for nothing, they are giving away something that nobody wants. So Jooly goes about the world lecturing on women's employment, and pointing out to the public and the Administration many ways in which women may be profitably employed and paid. She leaves it to the gumption of the Government to discover for themselves that there is many a nice berth for which Jooly P. Mangles is eminently suited, but Governments have no gumption, sir. And —"

"Here is aunt Julie," interrupted Miss Cahere, walking away.

Mr. Mangles gave a short sigh, and lapsed into silence.

As Miss Cahere went forward, she passed another officer of the ship, the second in command, a dogged, heavy man, whose mind was given to the ship and his own career. He must have seen something to interest him in Netty Cahere's face—perhaps he caught a glance from the dark-lashed eyes—for he turned and looked at her again, with a sudden, dull light in his face.

## CHAPTER II

### SIGNAL HOUSE

WHERE Gravesend merges into Northfleet—where the spicy odours of chemical-fertilising works mingle with the dry dust of the cement manufactories which throw their tall chimneys into an ever-grey sky—there stands a house known as the Signal House. Why it is so-called no one knows and very few care to inquire. It is presumably a square house of the Jacobean period—presumably, because it is so hidden by trees, so wrapt in grimy ivy, so dust-laden and so impossible to get at, that its outward form is no longer to be perceived.

It is within sound of the bells that jingle dismally on the heads of the tram-car horses, plying their trade on the high road, and yet it is haunted. Its two great iron gates stand on the very pavement, and they are never opened. Indeed, a generation or two of painters have painted them shut, and grime and dirt have laid their seals upon the hinges. A side gate gives entrance to such as come on foot. A door in the wall, up an alley, is labelled tradesman's entrance, but the tradesmen never linger there. No merry milkman leaves the latest gossip with his thin blue milk on that threshold. The butcher's chariot wheels never tarry at the corner of that alley. Indeed, the local butcher has no chariot. His clients mostly come in a shawl, and take their purchases away with them, wrapped in a doubtful newspaper beneath its folds. The better-class buyers wear a cloth cricketing cap, coquettishly attached to a knob of hair by a hat pin.

The milkman, moreover, is not a merry man, hurrying on his rounds. He goes slowly and pessimistically, and likes to see the halfpenny before he tips his measure.

This, in a word, is a poor district, where no one would live if he could live elsewhere, with the Signal House stranded in the midst of it—a noble wreck on a barren, social shore. For the Signal House was once a family mansion; later it was described as a riverside residence, then as a quaint and interesting demesne. Finally, its price fell with a crash, and an elderly lady of weak intellect was sent by her relations to live in it, with two servants, who were frequently to be met in Gravesend in the evening hours, at what time it is to be presumed the elderly lady of weak intellect was locked in the Signal House alone. But the house never had a ghost. Haunted houses very seldom have. The ghost was the mere invention of some kitchen-maid.

Haunted or no, the house stood empty for years, until suddenly a foreigner took it—a Russian banker, it was understood. A very nice, pleasant-spoken little gentleman this foreigner, who liked quiet and the river view. He was quite as broad as he was long, though he was not preposterously stout. There was nothing mysterious about him. He was well known in the City. He had merely mistaken an undesirable suburb for a desirable one, a very easy mistake for a foreigner to make; and he was delighted at the cheapness of the house, the greenness of the old lawn, the height of the grimy trees within the red-brick wall.

He lived there all one summer, and the cement smoke got into his throat in the autumn and gave him asthma, for which complaint he had obviously been designed by Providence, for he had no neck. He used the Signal House occasionally from Saturday till Monday. Then he gave it up altogether, and tried to sell it. It stood empty for some years, while the Russian banker extended his business and lived virtuously elsewhere. Then he suddenly began using the house again as a house of recreation, and brought his foreign servants, and his foreign friends and their foreign servants, to stay from Saturday till Monday.

And all these persons behaved in an odd, Continental way, and played bowls on the lawn at the back of the house on Sundays. The neighbours could hear them but see nothing, owing to the thickness of the grimy trees and the height of the old brick wall. But no one worried much about the Signal House; for they were a busy people who lived all around, and had to earn their living, in addition to the steady and persistent assuagement of a thirst begotten of cement-dust and the pungent smell of bonemanure. One or two local amateurs had made sure of the fact that there was nothing in the house that would repay a burglarious investigation, which, added to the fact that the police-station is only a few doors off, tended to allay a natural curiosity as to the foreign gentleman's possessions.

When he came he drove in a close cab from Gravesend Station, and usually told the cabman when his services would again be required. He came thus with three friends one summer afternoon, some years ago, and came without luggage. The servants, who followed in a second cab, carried some parcels, presumably of refreshments. These grave gentlemen were, it appeared, about to enjoy a picnic at the Signal House—possibly a tea-picnic in the Russian fashion.

The afternoon was fine, and the gentlemen walked in the garden at the back of the house. They were walking thus when another cab stopped at the closed iron gate, and the banker hurried, as fast as his build would allow, to open the side door and admit a seafaring man, who seemed to know his bearings.

"Well, mister," he said, in a northern voice, "another of your little jobs?"

The two men shook hands, and the banker paid the cabman. When the vehicle had gone the host turned to his guest and replied to the question.

"Yes, my fren," he said, "another of my little jobs. I hope you are well, Captain Cable?"

But Captain Cable was not a man to waste words over the social conventions. He was obviously well—as well as a hard, sea-faring life will make a man who lives simply and works hard. He was a short man, with a red face washed very clean, and very well-shaven, except for a little piece of beard left fantastically at the base of his chin. His eyes were blue and bright, like gimlets. He may have had a soft heart, but it was certainly hidden beneath a hard exterior. He wore a thick coat of blue pilot-cloth, not because the July day was cold, but because it was his best coat. His hat was carefully brushed and of hard black felt. It had perhaps been the height of fashion in Sunderland five years earlier. He wore no gloves—Captain Cable drew the line there. As for the rest, he had put on that which he called his shore-going rig.

"And yourself?" he answered, mechanically.

"I am very well, thank you," replied the polite banker, who, it will have been perceived, was nameless to Captain Cable, as he is to the reader. The truth being that his name was so absurdly and egregiously Russian that plain English tongues never embarked on that sea of consonants. "It is an affair, as usual. My friends are here to meet you, but I think they do not speak English, except your colleague, the other captain, who speaks a little—a very little."

As he spoke he led the way to the garden, where three gentlemen were waiting them.

"This is Captain Cable," he said, and the three gentlemen raised their hats, much to the Captain's discomfort. He did not hold by foreign ways; but he dragged his hat



off and then expectorated on the lawn, just to show that he felt quite at home. He even took the lead in the conversation.

"Tell 'em," he said, "that I'm a plain man from Sun'land that has a speciality, an' that's transshipping cargo at sea, but me hands are clean."

He held them out and they were not, so he must have spoken metaphorically.

The banker translated, addressing himself to one of his companions, rather markedly and with much deference.

"You're speakin' French," interrupted Captain Cable.

"Yes, my fren', I am. Do you know French?"

"Not me," returned Captain Cable, affably. "They're all one to me. They're all damn nonsense."

He was, it seemed, that which is called in these days of blatant patriotism, a thorough Englishman, or a true Blue, according to the social station of the speaker.

The gentleman to whom the translation had been addressed smiled. He was a tall and rather distinguished-looking man, with bushy white hair and moustache. His features were square-cut and strong. His eyes were dark, and he had an easy smile. He led the way to some chairs which had been placed near a table at the far end of the lawn beneath a cedar tree, and his manner had something faintly regal in it, as if in his daily life he had always been looked up to and obeyed without question.

"Tell him that we also are plain men with clean hands," he said.

And the banker replied:

"Oui, mon Prince."

But the interpretation was taken out of his mouth by one of the others, the youngest of the group—a merry-eyed youth, with a fluffy, fair moustache and close-cropped flaxen hair.

"My father," he said, in perfect English, "says that we also are plain men, and that your hands will not be hurt by touching ours."

He held out his hand as he spoke, and refused to withdraw it until it had been grasped, rather shamefacedly, by Captain Cable, who did not like these effusive foreign ways, but, nevertheless, rather liked the young man.

The banker ranged the chairs round the table, and the oddly assorted group seated themselves. The man who had not yet spoken, and who sat down last, was obviously a sailor. His face was burnt a deep brown, and was mostly hidden by a closely cut beard. He had the slow ways of a northerner, the abashed manner of a merchant skipper on shore. The mark of the other element was so plainly written upon him that Captain Cable looked at him hard and then nodded. Without being invited to do so they sat next to each other at one side of the table, and faced the three land-men. Again Captain Cable spoke first.

"Provided it's nothing underhand," he said, "I'm ready and willing. Or'nary risks of the sea, Queen's enemies, act o' God—them's my risks! I am uninsured. Ship's my own. I don't mind explosives—"

"There are explosives," admitted the banker.

"Then they must be honest explosives, or they don't go below my hatches. Explosives that's to blow a man up honest, before his face."

"There are cartridges," said the young man who had shaken hands.

"That'll do," said the masterful sailor. And, pointing a thick finger towards the banker, added, "Now, mister," and sat back in his chair.

"It is a very simple matter," explained the banker, in a thick, suave voice. "We have a cargo—a greater part of it weight, though there is some measurement—a few cases of light goods, clothing, and such. You will load in the river, and all will be sent to you in lighters. There is nothing heavy, nothing large. There is also no insurance, you understand. What falls out of the slings and is lost overside, is lost."

The banker paused for breath.

"I understand," said Captain Cable. "It's the same with me and my ship. There is no insurance, no tricking underwriters into unusual risks. It's neck or nothing with me."

And he looked hard at the breathless banker, with whom it was, in this respect, nothing.

"I understand right enough," he added, with an affable nod to the three foreigners.

"You sail from London with a full general cargo for Malmö or Stockholm, or somewhere where officials are not too wideawake. You meet in the North Sea, at a point to be fixed between yourselves, the 'Olaf,' Captain Petersen—sitting by your side."

Captain Cable turned, and gravely shook hands with Captain Petersen.

"Thought you was a seafaring man," he said. And Captain Petersen replied that he was:

"Vair pleased."

"The cargo is to be transhipped at sea, out of sight of land or lightship. But that we can safely leave to you, Captain Cable."

"I don't deny," replied that mariner, who was measuring Captain Petersen out of the corner of his eye, "that I have been there before."

"You can then go up the Baltic in ballast to some small port—just a sawmill, at the head of a fjord—where I shall have a cargo of timber waiting for you to bring back to London. When can you begin loading, Captain?"

"To-morrow," replied the Captain. "Ship's lying in the river now, and if these gentlemen would like to see her she's as handy a—"

"No, I do not think we shall have time for that!" put in the banker, hastily. "And now we must leave you and

Captain Petersen to settle your meeting-place. You have your charts?"

By way of response the Captain produced from his pocket sundry folded papers, which he laid tenderly on the table. For the last ten years he had been postponing the necessity of buying new charts of certain sections of the North Sea. He looked round at the high walls and the over-hanging trees.

"Hope the wind don't come blustering in here much," he said, apprehensively, as he unfolded the ragged papers with great caution.

The fair-haired young man drew forward his chair, and Cable, seeing the action, looked at him sharply.

"Seafaring man?" he inquired, with a weight of doubt and distrust in his voice.

"Not by profession, only for fun."

"Fun? Man and boy, I've used the sea forty years, and I haven't yet found out where the fun comes in!"

"This gentleman," explained the banker, "his Ex—Mr.—" He paused, and looked inquiringly at the white-haired gentleman.

"Mr. Martin."

"Mr. Martin will be on board the 'Olaf' when you meet Captain Petersen in the North Sea. He will act as interpreter. You remember that Captain Petersen speaks no English, and you do not know his language. The two crews, I understand, will be similarly placed. Captain Petersen undertakes to have no one on board speaking English. And your crew, my fren'?"

"My crew comes from Sun'lan'. Men that only speak English, and precious little of that," replied Captain Cable.

He had his finger on the chart, but paused and looked up, fixing his bright glance on the face of the white-haired gentleman.

"There's one thing—I'm a plain-spoken man myself—what is there for us two—us seafaring men?"

"There is five hundred pounds each for you," replied the white-haired gentleman for himself, in slow and careful English.

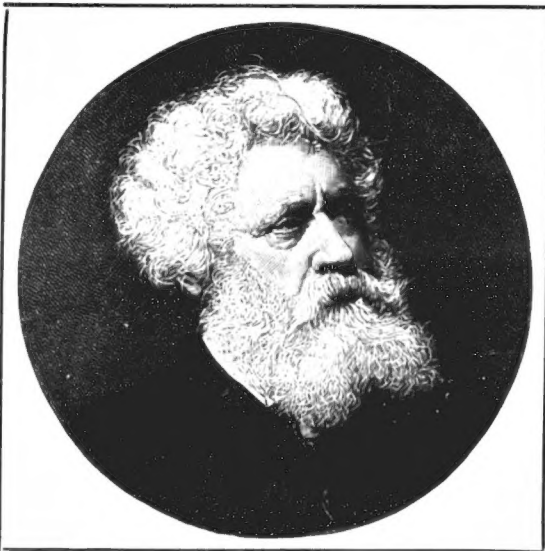
Captain Cable nodded his grizzled head over the chart.

"I like to deal with a gentleman," he said, gruffly.

"And so do I," replied the white-haired foreigner, with a bow.

Captain Cable grunted audibly.

(To be continued)



THE LATE SIR NOEL PATON, R.S.A.

SIR JOSEPH NOEL PATON, R.S.A., Queen Victoria's "Linner for Scotland," who has died at the age of eighty years, after a busy and successful life, was a man of extraordinary versatility. There was little in the fine arts he had not attempted, and done extremely well, in the fashion of his day. His sculpture would scarce pass muster now, and his drawings on wood are somewhat in the manner of a bygone day, but he took his share—a very important one it was—in the great revival of wood-drawing of the "sixties" and "seventies," for which he was well equipped, as he was already an artist of twenty years' standing and repute. Then he became what was called a "history painter," to which he was encouraged by his success at the Westminster Cartoon Competition in 1845; then a painter of fancy—of dainty Shakespearean fairy scenes, delicately imagined and exquisitely realised and embroidered in the Pre-Raphaelite manner—and ultimately he was a "painter of religion." These pictures appealed strongly to the national conscience, and more than one of them was toured about the country with great financial popular success. "The Man of Sorrows" and "Christ the Good Shepherd" are to be found translated into engraving in thousands of British homes to-day. Sir Noel's illustrations to "Prometheus Unbound" and to "Comus," and his "outlines" in the Flaxman style for the Art Union of London, prove that his great intellectual powers in design were rather in the direction of what is called "literary art" than of the painter's purer arts of tone and colour. Indeed, his feeling for form and contour was far in excess of that for "colour-emotion." Sir Noel was an antiquary as well, and no mean poet, and as a collector of armour he was an object of interest to many connoisseurs. Sir Noel became an R.S.A. in 1850, and the Queen's Linner in 1866, when he was knighted.

## "Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

CHRISTMAS is over, and our climate has exhibited itself in all its varied, capricious and disagreeable moods. In the North people were buried in snow, and unable to go about their work or reach their friends' houses; in the Midlands hunting was stopped, yet the skaters hardly had a chance, for frost and thaw alternated; in London, the people tramped through muddy streets, and came in chilled to the marrow. Still it was Christmas, and the children, at least, rejoiced. Children's parties are always popular, from the entertainment organised by the dancing instructress, where little bodies go through all kinds of graceful gyrations, and little faces shine with pride and intelligence, to the private parties, where Christmas trees and abundance of toys provide substantial amusement. Children are, perhaps, nowadays, catered for too largely. They have lost the sweet unconsciousness of childhood, when the little boy wandered off with his arm round the little girl's neck as soon as he met her, and the little girl sat in the corner with a new doll oblivious to aught beside. Children criticise, discuss, and select now like their elders. One little girl, asked to choose a present for her mother, discarded a lovely musical box set in a gilt casket for an old Louis XVI. *nécessaire de toilette*, as being more "complete," while another found fault with the arrangement of a large lily in a small pot as out of proportion. Still the majority remain unspoiled, and mothers seem almost as young and irresponsible as their children.

This is the season for country houses. All over the land people are entertaining and being entertained, shooting parties, "bridge" parties, and ping-pong pursue the even tenor of their way. The latter game is being elevated into a science, and "bridge" still holds its own as a society craze. A lady who called recently on a friend during the luncheon-hour apologised for her early visit by the fact that from half-past three till dinner-time she played "bridge" every afternoon. This is one way of killing time during these cold foggy days, and women seem as ardently in love with cards as are the men. The non-bridge playing diner-out finds himself relegated to the boy or the inconvenient girl, the governess or the curate, for sole conversation in the evening. However, the pace is too hot to last, and doubtless next year "bridge" will lose its charm, as other games have done, and be voted slow or stupid.

Mrs. Alec Tweedie has been lecturing young men on their manners. She says there is a growing selfishness on the part of Englishmen, a dislike to giving or entertaining even when they can afford it, which strikes Americans and foreigners unpleasantly. Married people no richer than their own friends entertain them all the year round, country houses are open to them, dinners and dances given especially with a view to their requirements, they are invited to operas and theatres, and never expected to pay a cent. Time was when a pretty girl received bouquets from her partners at every ball she went to, while little trinkets, gloves, boubons, or silver ornaments were presented to her on her birthday, and when men organised junketings and outings in her honour. Now it is the mother who arranges them, and the young man who accepts. Possibly it is the woman's fault; but the fact remains—young men enjoy all the pleasures of the season, and the labours of the hostesses, and never dream of giving any *quid pro quo*.

Women have come to the front in literature during the past year. One of the most striking novels has been written by a woman, one of the most interesting plays has been written and acted by a woman, the "Songs of Lucilla" reveal the hand of a new poetess, and Mme. Liza Lehmann remains one of the most gifted and delightful of composers. But above and beyond all, the women of England have possessed their souls in a great patience; they have waited day after day with that hope deferred that maketh the heart sick, for news of their dear ones, sometimes only to know that their suspense is turned to bitter sorrow. These silent heroines deserve as much encouragement as the silent heroes, for their lot is even harder to bear. As we look back on the months that are gone, we realise that Englishwomen of all classes have risen to a height of patient endurance and quiet resignation which the nation should be proud of.

Fresh dangers seem to encompass the unwary passenger with every advance of civilisation. Scarcely have we recovered from the shock of the Liverpool electric train accident ere we hear of three deaths occurring in Paris, one of a horse, the others of a girl and an employee respectively killed through stepping on one of the electric contact blocks. Verily, the perils of the streets will become fearfully intensified, while the more rapid means of transit does not represent unmixed good. The noise of New York has not yet reached us, but what with the overhead railways, the electric cars, and the network of confusing lines and tramways will no doubt absorb whatever quiet still remains to us. The condition of over-civilized human beings, the stress and strain in years to come, must appal those who think that life should mean not insane hurry, but the joy of living.

The Royal fiat which has gone forth, that drawing-rooms are to be held in the evening by invitation and designated Courts, will not afford unmixed pleasure to everybody. The lounge in the street will miss his afternoon entertainment; when idly promenading to and fro in the park he could gaze on beauty and fashion in their stateliest garb. The numbers of these persons who, having no special right or reason for going to Court will now be excluded by the stricter regulations, may murmur, but the dignity of Court functions will be upheld, and the possibility of dealing with the vast crowds presenting themselves, formerly the despair of the officials, will now be simplified. Women's looks, too, will gain enormously. Rarely any but the youngest can stand the cruel light of day in a low dress, with the sparkle of jewels around her, but for the future beauty will be enhanced and the setting worthy of the pearl.

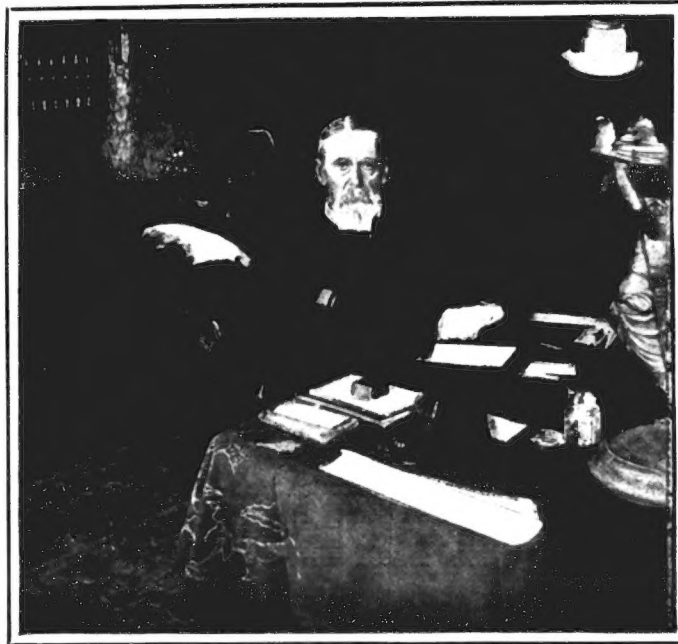


THE RECEPTION-ROOM



THE DINING-ROOM

A MAN of more versatile accomplishments, and those of the highest kind, than Sir Henry Thompson, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find. A surgeon and physician of fame, an artist of high repute—no less than fifteen of his pictures have appeared on the walls of the Academy and French Salon—an astronomer of world-wide renown, a novelist—a man who has written one of the most notable books upon "Cookery" ever published—an authority on—but we must really stop, or a mere recital of his achievements would prevent us having a look at Sir Henry Thompson at home at 35, Wimpole Street. It is difficult for the ordinary visitor to realise that Sir Henry is in his eighty-second year, as he does not look a day older than sixty-five, and he will occasionally remark, with a twinkle in his eye, "Oh, that was when I was a boy of sixty." Though he gave up the active practice of his profession about four years ago, Sir Henry is a very hard worker, being constantly engaged in literary pursuits, writing new books, or revising old ones, most of the latter having gone through very many editions. Much of this work is done in his private sitting-room, at his desk, in which one of our illustrations shows him seated. This room is also his sleeping apartment, being furnished with a bed in one corner. This bed is arranged with every convenience for reading and writing. There is a bookcase on one side with his favourite books, while on the bed is an adjustable desk; the button of the electric light, too, is within easy reach, so that if at any time troubled with sleeplessness, as he sometimes is, Sir Henry can begin reading or writing without rising. Beside the bed he keeps an "Etna," and regularly every morning makes himself a cup of weak tea with plenty of milk. Here



SIR HENRY THOMPSON IN HIS STUDY

it may be remarked that Sir Henry expressly disclaims being a "teetotaler," or attempting to judge for other people, but he says, "I never take anything stronger than water, and would not be here now if I did." In connection with his popular novel, "Charley Kingston's Aunt," Sir Henry tells an amusing story. "One day the income-tax assessor said to me, 'I see you have written a novel which has been a great success, but I don't see that you have made any return about it. How is this?' I was somewhat taken aback at first, as this had never occurred to me, but I was equal to him, and explained that just about this time I had gone to great expense in getting up and publishing a valuable but technical work, and told him if he was willing to 'allow' on the great pecuniary loss this had caused me I would see about the other return. He promptly let the matter drop."

35, Wimpole Street was built by the celebrated brothers Adam about the beginning of the last century, and contains beautiful mantels, ceilings and decorations; these are carefully kept in their original state, and may be noticed in several of the illustrations. Sir Henry does not talk much of his medical career, but what he has to say is most interesting. He was born in 1820, and educated privately; his father, a stern Calvinist, refusing to allow him to be sent to a public school, but placing him under a Nonconformist minister, James Goode Miall, founder and president of the Congregationalists, and brother to the founder of the Liberation Society. At five he was learning from the Eton Latin Grammar, which, as old scholars know, does not contain a word of English. At nine he was engaged on Greek. He graduated at London University, and commenced



The picture over the bed facing Sir Henry when he wakes is a portrait of his mother when a little girl, painted by her father, Samuel Medley

SIR HENRY THOMPSON'S BED IN THE CORNER OF HIS PRIVATE SITTING-ROOM



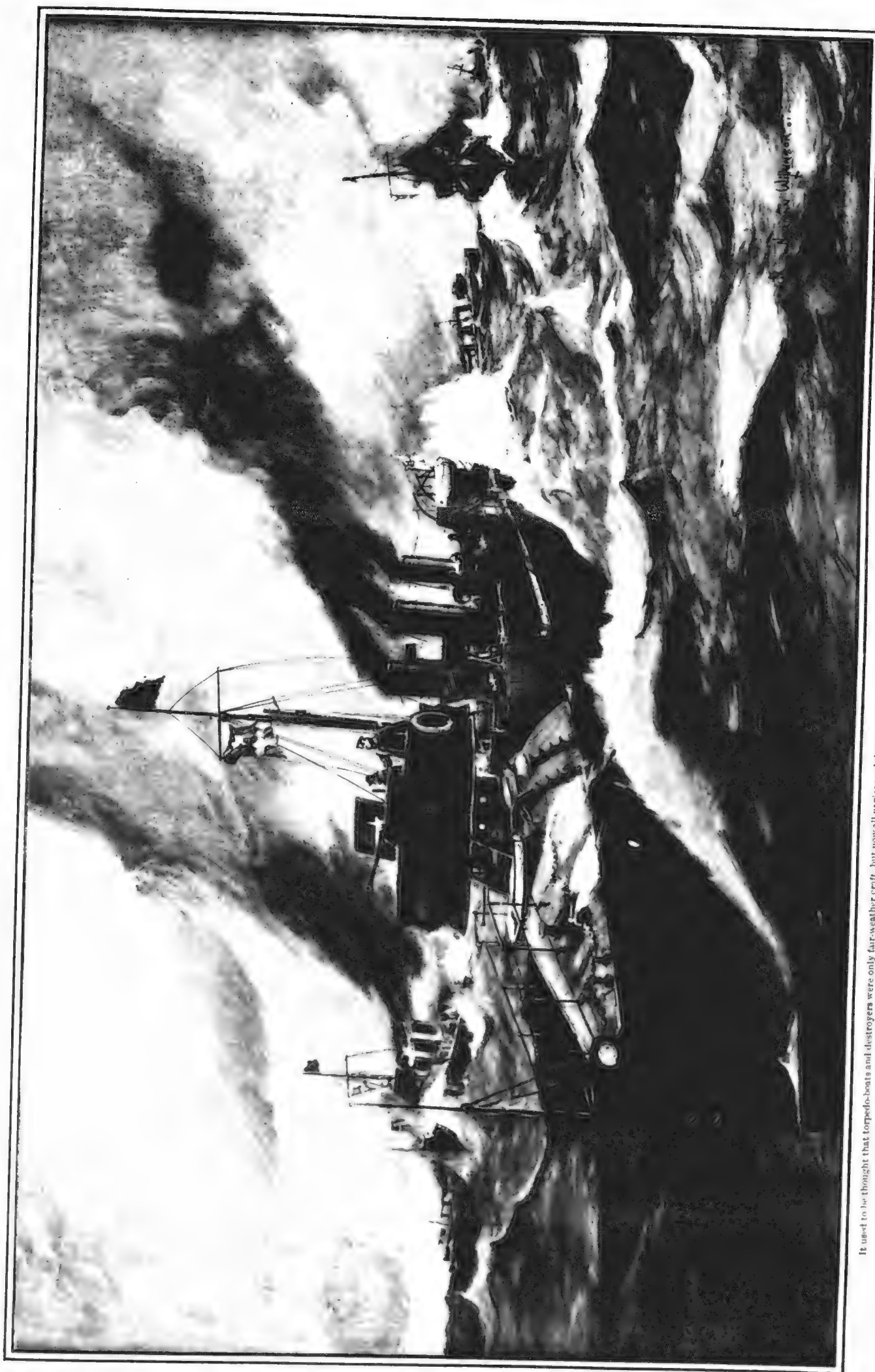
On the left is a portrait of Sir Henry Thompson's mother when a girl, painted by her father, Samuel Medley. On the right is a portrait of Sir Henry, by Millais

THE DRAWING-ROOM

SIR HENRY THOMPSON AT HOME AT 35, WIMPOLE STREET

Photographed by THE GRAPHIC Special Photographer, O. Pilkington





It used to be thought that torpedo-boats and destroyers were only fair-weather craft, but now all navies send these vessels to sea in winter. In the British Navy three flotillas, each of eight destroyers, are constantly cruising all the year round  
**THE MOST DISCUSSED CLASS OF SHIP IN THE NAVY: A DESTROYER FLOTILLA CARRYING OUT EVOLUTIONS**  
DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON

professional life at 35, Wimpole Street, where, to use his own words, "I sat behind my brass plate waiting for practice, which came very slowly." Having won two Jacksonian prizes, he became assistant-surgeon at University College Hospital, and gradually won his way as a general practitioner, "the idea of being a specialist never entering my head." Force of circumstances, however, made Sir Henry one of the most noted specialists of his time. The late King of the Belgians, uncle of Queen Victoria, had long been treated, but vainly, by some of the best physicians in Europe, "including my old master." Mr. Thompson, as he then was, was called in and performed an operation, and so treated the case that a perfect cure resulted. This brought knighthood, and in his own words once more, "though it made my fortune, it spoiled my practice, for I was inundated with applications for similar operations, and henceforth could do little else."

Another illustrious patient was the Emperor of the French, Napoleon III. Sir Henry had long urged him to be operated upon, but he steadily declined, refusing to believe the possibility of its being necessary. At last, when it was but a forlorn hope, an operation became imperative, and though successful in itself, yet, to the great sorrow of all concerned, the Emperor succumbed. Sir Henry says he will never forget the tragically dramatic, but painful scene when he informed the Empress that her husband would die, how she threw up her arms and flung herself across the bed in an agony of grief. The dining-room of this now famous "home" will be considered an historic spot for all time, for, at one time or another, it has contained within its walls more notable people than, perhaps, any other room as the guests of one host. Many years ago, it occurred to Sir Henry Thompson that large dinner-parties were a mistake. Cliques were, perforce, formed; a good story at one end of the table would have to be repeated for the other, and so forth. He therefore resolved upon inviting "just enough to be comfortable," and decided that eight was the number. "I felt sure," he says, "that this number of intellectual persons, with plain food, but well served, would enjoy themselves and each other much more than if lost in the crowd of a large party." And so it proved. Sir Henry called these little gatherings "octaves," and up to the present time has held no less than two hundred and seventy of them. He keeps a little book, in which he has entered the particulars of each octave and the names of the guests. A glance into this is simply fascinating, almost every person of note "in arms, in art, or song," that the mind can recall has been present. The Prince of Wales, now our gracious King, appears several times. Amongst the earlier names are those of Dickens and Thackeray. A mere glance at the list is sufficient to show that these gatherings must be "dreams of delight." It may appropriately be told here that Sir Henry's great "secret of long life" is "plain food, but good cooking." The dining-room is hung with pictures, some from Sir Henry's own hand, many by Tadema and others. After dinner the octaves adjourn to the smoking-room, also surrounded by works of art and hung with pictures, every object having its own particular history. One painting is rather startling, representing a chrysalis and beautiful Emperor moth, a death's head and a light-encircled cross. It was exhibited in the Academy, and was painted by Sir Henry, "from the skull on which I learned my bones." The idea of the picture is "as the chrysalis is to the beautiful moth, so is death to the glorious life revealed by the cross." In a cabinet in this room are a statuette of Thackeray, a few pieces of "blue and white" porcelain, of which, at one time, Sir Henry possessed the finest collection extant, and certain other treasures, including a striking likeness of Millais, painted and wholly finished in a couple of hours, the history of which is a good story, best told in Sir Henry's own words. "Sir John Collier (afterwards Lord Monkswell), Sir Henry James (now Lord James), Millais and myself went down for a week-end to a little village in Essex, the name of which I have forgotten. On Sunday morning James and Collier said they would go to church. I asked Millais what he was going to do. He seated himself before the fire, lit a cigar, put his feet on the fender, and said, 'I am not going to stir from here.' I looked at him and said, 'You are in a beautiful pose, I shall stay and paint your portrait.' He replied, 'All right, but I shan't stop smoking.' I said, 'Oh, yes you will for a minute or two, when I come to your mouth.' I always carry a spare board and some paints in my luggage, so I went upstairs and got them and worked away for about a couple of hours. The picture was finished, in fact, as you see it, just as the others came in from church. Millais, who up to this time had not moved from his seat, and hardly in it, got up, took the picture, and, looking intently at it, said, 'Well done, my boy!' Turning to James and Collier, he said, 'Look here, you fellows, whilst you have been at church see what we've done.' Another sketch in this room, a view of a great equatorial telescope, set one again wondering what manner of man this could be who, with all the proficiency in other walks of science and art that he had already observed, could yet be not only a proficient, but noted, astronomer—a branch of science that most people would find more than enough to tackle by itself. The "Thompson Equatorial" at Greenwich Observatory, the gift of Sir Henry, is one of the sights on the Astronomer Royal's visiting days. Sir Henry is a believer in heredity. He attributes

his methodical habits—and he is very methodical—to his father, a stern, "rigorously religious" man, of whom he speaks with great respect. Of his mother, his memories are all tenderness and love, and he proudly points out the portraits of her when a girl, especially one hanging in his drawing-room, painted by her father, Samuel Medley, who was an artist of repute and an exhibitor at the Royal Academy. It is to this grandfather that he attributes his "artistic temperament and talent." Samuel Medley was associated with the founding of University College. On the other side of the pier-glass in this drawing-room hangs a portrait of Sir Henry himself, painted by Millais, and this is considered one of the best portraits ever painted by that artist.

Having been greatly struck with the "sanitary aspect of cremation," which he first saw in practice in Vienna, Sir Henry, in 1874, founded the Cremation Society, and every meeting of that institution has been held in his house, and he is pleased to see that what he considers the "most sensible method of dealing with the dead" is coming more into vogue.

Sir Henry is a motorist, and thinks the speed limit of twelve miles *en country roads* is ridiculous and irritating. He is a great traveller, and has visited practically every part of Europe, his favourite spot being Pompeii, which he considers one of the most interesting places on earth.



SIR GEORGE BIRDWOOD, K.C.I.E.  
Who is retiring from the India Office

AFTER a career of nearly half a century Sir George Birdwood now retires from the public service amid many regrets. We believe that he regards his founding of Primrose Day as the act of his life to which he looks back with most satisfaction, but he is probably more generally known to the public at large by his intense sympathy with India, where his name is regarded as a household word; by his characteristic letters to the *Times* and other journals on Indian and

national subjects; and by his numerous books and articles, among which we may mention, as examples, his "Vegetable Products of the Bombay Presidency," his "Report on the Old Records of the India Office," his "Industrial Arts of India," which is now the standard authority on the subject, and his articles on the "Genus Boswellia" (the Frankincense trees) in the "Transactions of the Linnean Society," and on "Incense" in the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Sir George Birdwood will be greatly missed at the India Office. Our portrait is by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.

## The Court

ALL congratulations to Queen Alexandra on her recovery from the troublesome chill which kept their Majesties in town for Christmas. It is so many years since the King and Queen were away from Sandringham that they were especially missed, although the Prince and Princess of Wales were at York Cottage, with their children, and Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark at Appleton Hall, ready to superintend the Royal Christmas charities which are always such a feature of the season. Their Majesties themselves spent the quietest time at Marlborough House, only the Princess Victoria being with them. King Edward dined in the evening with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and family, who spent the season in town. Holiday time though it was, His Majesty was very busy considering Coronation preparations, superintending alterations at the Palaces, and giving several audiences. The most important was the reception of the Japanese Premier, the Marquis Ito, who was welcomed with much state, and introduced by Lord Lansdowne. The Marquis drove to and from Marlborough House in a Royal carriage, and stayed twenty minutes with the King. His Majesty also gave audiences to Sir H. Chermide on his appointment as Governor of Queensland, to Lieutenant-General Kelly-Kenny, and to Mr. Audley Gosling, late Minister at Santiago, whom the King invested with the Order of St. Michael and St. George. On Sunday King Edward and Princess Victoria attended the morning Service at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, the King afterwards luncheon with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. Next day the King and Queen, with Princess Victoria and the Duke and Duchess of Fife, left by special train for Sandringham, where all the deferred Christmas festivities are being held for the New Year. Friends are being entertained at Sandringham House, and there will be several gatherings at the week-ends before their Majesties settle in town again. The King will probably come up on business, but the Queen will stay in Norfolk till the opening of Parliament on January 16. This ceremony will be very imposing, the King and Queen going to Westminster in the State coach. Further, the Court mourning will be waived for the occasion, Peeresses having been informed that they need not wear mourning. There will be a Memorial Service on the anniversary of Queen Victoria's death on January 22, when all the Royal Family will assemble at Frogmore. Possibly both the King and Queen may be away for a short time in the spring. King Edward going for a strictly private visit to the Riviera, while the Queen and her daughters take a yachting cruise in the Mediterranean.

The Prince and Princess of Wales take up their quarters at Marlborough House after Easter, and meanwhile will spend most of their time at Sandringham, coming up to town only for the various functions. The Prince will go to Berlin to congratulate the Kaiser on his birthday. The Princess has been sending gifts of game and toys to numerous charitable institutions.

## "The King Drinks"

OF all the great masters of the Low Countries belonging to the second rank, Jordaens is certainly the least known in England. He is curiously absent from our public galleries—even the National Gallery contains no example from his brush. He is seen at his best in Belgium, in the gallery of Antwerp and, above all, in that of Brussels. He excels in such subjects as feasts, but he is not always so refined as in the picture before us. This is the famous "Le Roi Boit" in the Louvre; but he painted the subject more than once. In this Twelfth Night scene, when the cakes are being brought on, and when among the revelling family which assembles, old and young, about the board, the King of the evening drinks, while at the other end of the table the young man sings his song—Jordaens is able to concentrate all his rollicking high spirits, as well as all his rather irresponsible and unrestrained powers as a painter. One recognises many qualities of other masters in him—in composition the grouping of Frans Hals, but more artless; in his woman the opulence of Rubens, with sometimes, especially in his lighting, a suggestion of Rembrandt, with occasional individual types of Brauer, Ostade, and Teniers.



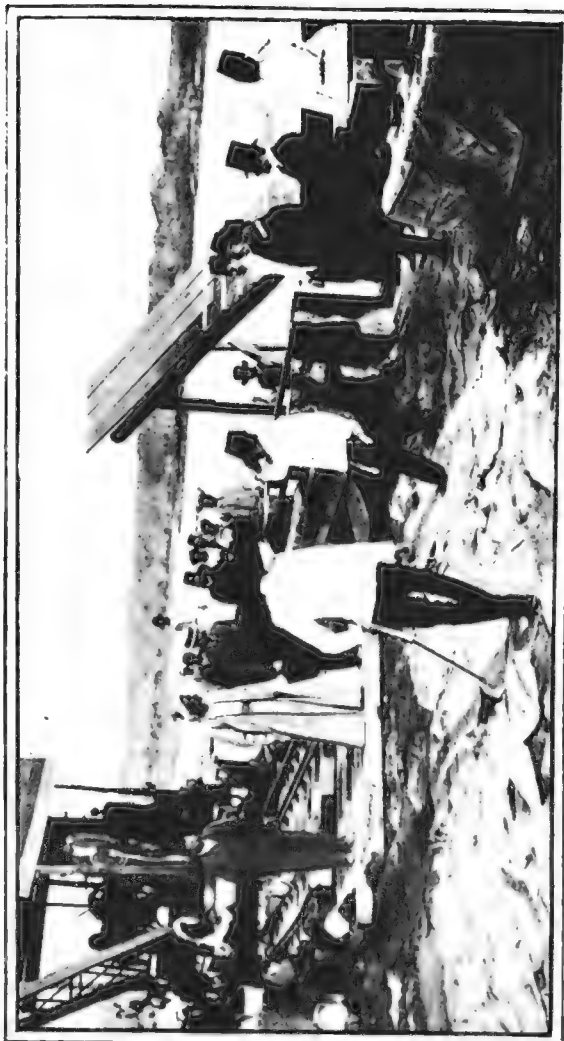
It is a time-honoured custom at the Constitutional Club at Christmas to serve up, with other seasonable fare, a baron of beef (two sirloins not cut asunder at the backbone). The huge joint, decorated with holly and surrounded by turkeys, boar's head, Christmas puddings and other seasonable viands, makes a most picturesque scene, and it is generally considered that there is no better meat than a cut from the baron. Indeed, it was so thoroughly appreciated by the members of the Club that a second baron of beef was ordered this year, and it disappeared in two days.

CHRISTMAS FARE AT THE CLUBS: THE BARON OF BEEF AT THE CONSTITUTIONAL

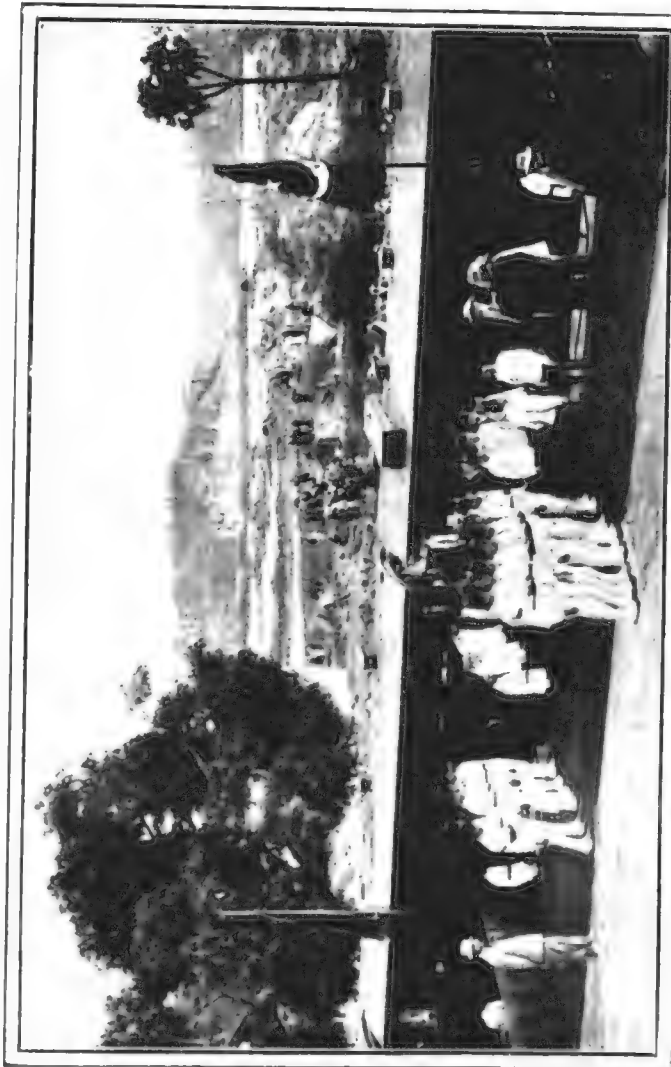




VISITING THE WORKS AT THE SLUICE GATES

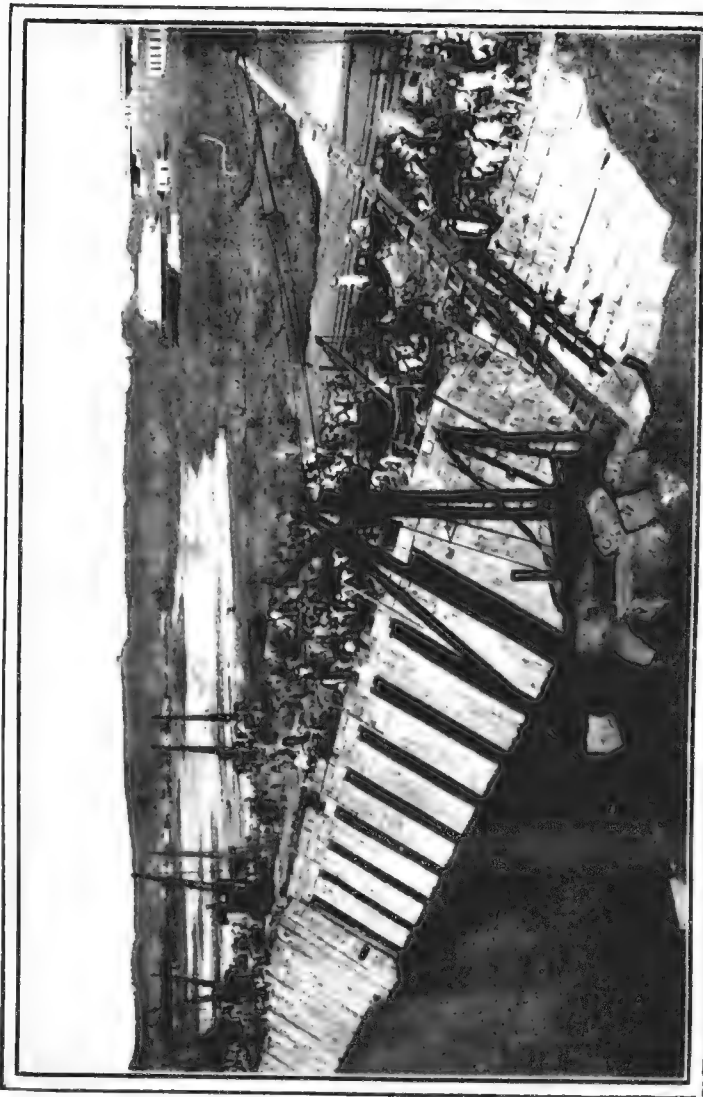


INSPECTING A STEAM CRANE ON THE CONSTRUCTION RAILWAY



THE ARRIVAL OF THE KHEDIVÉ AT THE EAST END OF THE DAM

The Khedive recently visited the Assuan Dam, travelling by steam to Shaila, and thence by the contractors' railway to the eastern end of the dam. He was accompanied by Sir Benjamin Baker, Consulting Engineer to the Egyptian Government; Sir John Aird, Director-General of Rivers; Mr. Marius Fitzmaurice, Resident Engineer; Sir John Aird, M.P., and Mr. John Aird, contractors for the masonry; and Mr. Wilfrid Stokes, managing



MASONRY OF THE WESTERN CHANNEL, LOOKING SOUTH-EAST

single leaf gate in the world, and is of a unique design. The second stop was made returning along the railway where the natives would be seen at work setting the stones in the dam and erecting the culverts. A third pause was made about the middle of the dam to obtain a view of the water rushing through the sluices at the low level.

THE KHEDIVÉ'S VISIT TO THE NILE DAM AT ASSUAN



Our Artist writes:—"At Christmas in the villages the priest visits every house and blesses the occupants. In my sketch I have shown such a visit to a family in the mountain district; some of the members are kneeling, while others are reverently bowing as the priest pronounces the benediction, they having

been surprised in the act of preparing their Christmas dinner. The grandfather stands by the fire leaning on his stick, perhaps receiving the benediction for the last time in his life, while the small child, astonished at the unusual incident, looks on bewildered."

#### PRONOUNCING THE CHRISTMAS BLESSING IN AN ITALIAN PEASANT'S COTTAGE

DRAWN BY RICARDO PELLEGRINI

### As Ah Choy Sees Us

BY A RESIDENT IN CHINA

It is, of course, anything but pleasant to be in the service of a "foreign devil"! My family don't like it (though they like the dollars), and on my visits to the old home at Kaushan I take care to keep my exact means of livelihood a secret from the village elders. As, however, I can afford to be liberal towards local feasts and ceremonies, I find myself respected, and no questions asked. I need hardly add, too, that once clear of my master's house, I am, outwardly, as anti-foreign as the stupid country people themselves, though, inwardly, of course, prepared to admit that the barbarians have certain good points—my wages, for instance! which are twice what I could get from a Chinese master; and then the really excellent squeezing—for foreigners are stupid, ignorant of prices, and to be fooled with the simplest lie! But were it not so, who in the world would degrade himself by taking service with them?

The simplicity of their ideas is indeed astonishing. When engaging one of our compatriots, they lay stress on three qualities only: respect, obedience and honesty, which is ridiculous, when, as regards all three, a mere pretence satisfies them. To please my master, for instance, I have only to answer continually "Yessa! Yessa!"—like a small dog yapping; for he is ignorant of all the essential forms, and by neglecting these I can serve him, and yet keep my self-respect! For example, I never stand before him hands to side—as I would, of course, before a Chinese superior—but receive his "orders" lounging at my ease (which much diverts the other servants); I hand dishes, too, with *one* hand; and, until recently, used even to wait at table with trousers unfastened at the ankle—my master being too ignorant of etiquette to gauge these impolitenesses. But some other foreign rascal must have put him up to the trousers, for the other day he suddenly ordered me from the room and made me boil over (inwardly) by asking most rudely whose "Coolie" I was! I would have struck him, but thought of the dollars and also of the certainty of his striking *me*—for the foreigners are very strong and brutally rough when roused. In the same way they have gradually got to understand other of our marks of open disrespect—such as keeping one's queue coiled up, or appearing before visitors in a short coat.

Equally laughable is their feeble insistence on *Obedience*! I, for one, hardly *ever* obey my master—unless I choose! Supposing he wants something bought and I am disinclined to go for it. When he asks again, I simply tell him there were none to be had; and even if the article is, say—which, as every child knows, are sold in our city by the million—he swallows the excuse. If unexpectedly corrected, I merely say I have "forgotten"—which he believes with the same astonishing facility.

Regarding *Honesty*, our ideas—his and mine—differ so widely that it is difficult to compare them. He, for instance, understands by "honesty" that I should content myself with my monthly wage, which, on the face of it, is absurd! My idea, on the other hand, is to allow no one to make profit out of my master—except, of course, myself. Again, he calls it "honesty" if I leave his things—watch, spoons, etc.—untouched, whereas I call it common prudence! For these are things that he would instantly miss, and then he would get me bamboozled, which would cause my family to lose face and hurt me—elsewhere! Also, perhaps, he might then refuse to put "strictly honest" in my character paper! The same thing with the twenty-cent pieces lying loose on his dressing-table. It is not because I don't require them, but because it is not worth while to risk for so little my steady income from the house accounts. But this he cannot understand!

In the matter of these same house accounts, how truly ludicrous are his struggles! Yesterday, for instance, after many "damns," he triumphantly "cut" me four cents on the potatoes. In deep contrition I immediately charged him eighty cents for a forty-cent capon. When, later on, he grumbled at the appalling leanness of the bird, I soothed him like a child, telling him that the hot weather prevented Chinese capons from fattening. Whereupon he said something complimentary about Chinese *fowls* not resembling Chinese *men* in that case, and forgot the forty cents!

In nearly all his ways and habits my master, in common with other foreigners, is equally amusing. He is a funny animal, whatever he is doing! If it were not so laughable, I should sometimes be almost ashamed to see him pulling at an ear like a poor coolie; hitting a ball about with different kinds of sticks or with his feet; or plunging through filthy mud to shoot the snipe he loves—just like a miserable village hunter (except that the latter *does* use some brain in the matter and, stalking with skill and watchfulness, shoots the bird before it can get on the wing!) Indoors, too, the

foreigners are just like children or savages. When, for instance, they meet (men and women together, regardless of decency!) and to the inharmonious music of the West, swing and twist their bodies about in grotesque attitudes, the men actually clasping and holding the women in public, and the wives of others! Then, too, their feasts, when each man tries to out-drink his neighbour, and, if it is a farewell or feast of welcome, they sing their song: "Foreese apple goo fa-lo!" and then shout and scream—how they scream! like tigers!

I cannot now describe all their extraordinary ways: their horrible diet of milk and raw meat, which they tear with knives; their necessity for constant bathing; their extraordinary liking for cold drinks, hot rooms and open air! I can only tell you a little about their appearance.

Unlike our race—among whom any but black hair and eyes are unknown—foreigners vary in the most extraordinary degree. Of some, the hair is black; of others, yellow or red—though I have never yet seen one with *blue* hair. Blue eyes are common, however, together with all other colours; and once I saw a woman of their lands with eyes differing one from another. Wearing no queues—which in itself gives them a criminal air, as would a missing ear or nose—they allow the remaining hair to grow, unshaved, like that of a jail-bird or one in mourning for a parent. The men shave their faces, too, in the most *bizarre* and mutilating fashion, wholly or in part, but never according to definite rule, such as with us. From a foreigner's appearance, therefore, you can, strange to say, never know his age, adolescents having beards like men of forty, and old men being clean-shaven as boys! Furthermore, after allowing the moustache to grow, they sometimes shave it off again—an unheard-of thing!—thus changing their physiognomy from hour to hour!

Unsophisticated and ignorant as are these foreigners, they have the arrogance to claim equality with us on the strength of having invented certain mechanical toys—such as will enable a man to speak to another at a distance, or send him a letter in a few minutes. They have trains, too, and steamers, and other machines, all intended for speed alone; whereas from any of our great philosophers they might have learnt that Age and Death come fast enough, and that there is never any real occasion for hurry. But what, I say, can one expect from people so stupid, that in war they attack a fort, not in front, but from behind, where, naturally, there are no defences?





Our Artist writes:—"My sketch represents the celebrated Christmas procession to the manger on the 'cannuli', so called as they are made from a species of cane—drums, pan-pipes and flutes, climb the Mount Grigna, a custom as curious as it is ancient. On Christmas Eve the inhabitants of the valley, mountain where this celebrated manger is situated. There the Bishop dons his episcopal robes, and after benediction in procession, led by the Bishop and playing upon various musical instruments, such as having lighted candles and waving the two altar candles, proclaims the birth of the Redeemer."

#### A CHRISTMAS PILGRIMAGE IN SOUTHERN ITALY

DRAWN BY RICCARDO PELLGRINI

### A Militia Battalion at Work

THE term "embodiment of the Militia Force," must not be confused with mobilisation. "Embodiment" means being placed on active military service within the confines of the United Kingdom, the embodied battalions being utilised to perform ordinary garrison duty at the forts, camps, and other military stations within the United Kingdom. Mobilisation, on the other hand, means the embodiment of the whole Constitutional force at their respective headquarters to be equipped for active service, and their despatch to the stations allotted to them for home defence. Embodiment is nothing more than the annual training of the Militia on an extended scale. We have heard lately so much about embodiment that it is worth while to explain what it means. On the ordinary annual training much the same scenes are witnessed, though there is perhaps a little less excitement. Notices are posted on church doors and other places that such and such battalion will be embodied on such and such date, and private notices are sent to each man belonging to the battalion. On the fixed day a steady stream of men begins to stream towards the barracks. The last public house on the road from the station to quarters does a roaring trade. In the meantime at the depot all is in a state of bustle and confusion. At an early hour the permanent staff is busily engaged making arrangements for the men of their respective companies.

As the men arrive, they report themselves to four non-commissioned officers on "gate duty," such N.C.O.s having cards with the names of every man on the muster rolls of two companies. In this way the eight companies of the battalion are accounted for. A separate card is made out for every man. Having received his card, the militiaman reports himself to the medical officer for examination, and if he is passed as "fit," the word is written on his card, which is also signed by the medical officer. The man then presents his card to his colour sergeant at the "keep," as the stores for arms and equipment is called. The equipment is easily found, and within a quarter of an hour or so each man is turned out fully equipped and has left his civilian clothes behind. Each man on the day of report-

ing himself, in addition to his pay, receives food, in lieu of a hot meal, but it is not always wisely spent, as the militiaman on joining is often a thirsty soul. Besides the food, the commanding officers give to each man bread and cheese and a pint of beer, or to teetotallers, mineral waters in place of the latter.

The first parade is always an event. It takes place on the day the men are called up. The companies fall in in plain clothes or in uniform if it has been issued in time. The roll is called, and those who are absent are liable to be brought to account, but this is seldom done if they arrive during the day, though they run the risk of losing their "bounty." The evening of the day of joining is a proud time for the men, who find themselves very smart in their uniforms. It may here be noted that militiamen are not supplied with tunics or helmets—these articles of clothing are confined to the officers—but wear instead scarlet jerseys and forage caps. Now begins the month of training, and it is surprising how soon after assembling the men are licked into shape and present a very creditable appearance. Indeed, the average civilian could not differentiate between the militia battalion after a week's training, and a line battalion. The time is short, only twenty-seven days, but it is wonderful what is done in the time. Great assistance is rendered to the officers and N.C.O.s by the presence in the ranks of a number of old soldiers, who have passed twelve years in the army and reserve. It is not an uncommon thing to see a number of militiamen wearing war medals, and these are the men who stiffen the ranks of a Militia battalion. So much does the War Office recognise this fact that it offers inducements to discharged sergeants of the line to join the Militia, promising them the same rate of pay they received in the Army. In spite of this, however, there is a deplorable falling off in the numbers, and the old battalions of eight hundred and even a thousand belong to the past, the present number averaging five or six hundred.

But there is a bright side to the picture. There are some things in which there is much cause for congratulation. In old days the Militia training was a source of grave annoyance to the inhabitants of the towns where the battalions mustered, by reason of the

rowdiness of men when released from duty. Nowadays battalions come up for training and are subsequently dismissed without any appreciable increase of crime. The Militia seems to have gained in quality what it has lost in quantity. As a rule, Militia battalions are trained in camp, and the corps must march through the town to their training ground, to the great delight of the townsfolk, both at the beginning and at the end of the training. In old times the system of paying bounties in public-houses prevailed, and was responsible for much drunkenness. This regrettable practice has happily been done away with, and thereby much temptation to be riotous has been removed.

Our illustrations deal with the 3rd West Yorkshire Light Infantry, whose proud boast it is to be the "First Regiment of Militia." It was originally raised in 1758, at York, and it bears on its regimental colour a scroll inscribed "Mediterranean," in commemoration of its having served on that station during the Crimean War. This regiment musters at York and trains at Strensall Camp, where, at the same time, all arms of the service are represented under canvas; cavalry, artillery, and line regiments being stationed there during the camping season. The men take part in numerous field days, brigade drills, and get a thorough insight into military life. The camp is healthy, though the work is undoubtedly hard; but the appearance of the men at the end of the training shows that they have benefited by their training. Moreover, it must not be supposed that life in camp is all toil. There are military sports and games, and the men are cheered, too, by the importance attached to them by the townspeople, who visit the camp in thousands on Sundays to see sports and field-days. For the entertainment of these, a music hall is erected in camp, the "Victory" by name, during camping season, and a company of music-hall artists are engaged; and only a small charge is made for admission. The Militia affords splendid training for young men, and it is to be regretted that it is not so popular as it ought to be. It has been too much the habit of people who do not think to sneer at the Militia, whereas a moment's reflection would tell them that a strong Militia would be the best substitute for the conscription that, according to some people, is bound to come some day. Certainly, during the war in South Africa, the Militia battalions have done splendid service, which alone should entitle them to the respect and gratitude of their countrymen.



THE KING DRINKS

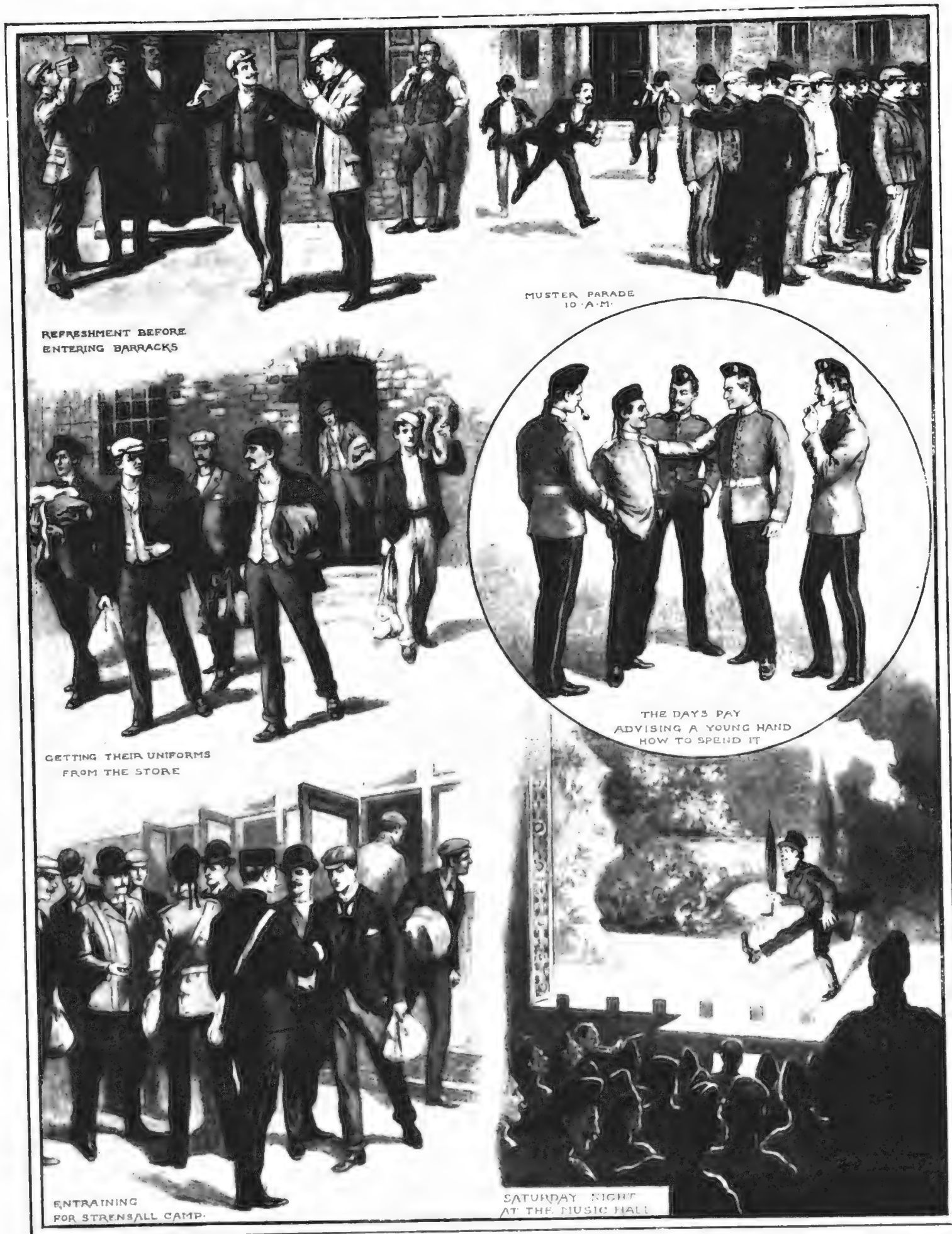
FROM THE PAINTING BY JORDANS IN THE LOUVRE, ENGRAVED





"THE KING DRINKS"

FROM THE PAINTING BY JORDAENS, IN THE LOUVRE, ENGRAVED BY CHARLES BAUDE



DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

FROM SKETCHES BY QUARTERMASTER-SENIORANT T. W. TAYLOR

HOW THE ARMY AT HOME IS RELIEVED: EMBODYING A MILITIA BATTALION





DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

FROM SKETCHES BY QUARTERMASTER-SERGEANT T. W. LATHAM

HOW THE ARMY AT HOME IS RELIEVED. EMBODYING A MILITIA BATTALION

## Our Portraits

REAR-ADMIRAL FREDERICK WILLIAM HALLOWES saw service as midshipman and mate of the *Wasp* in the Naval Brigade in the Crimea, being present throughout the siege of Sevastopol. Later on he served in China as a Lieutenant, and was present at the action of Fatshan; at the taking of Canton he commanded the gunboat *Bustard*, and in the same vessel took part in the capture of the Taku forts, 1858. He was promoted commander in August, 1865, and commanded the *Argus*, when he successfully defended the city of Chi-fu, against a force 20,000 rebels. He was raised to the flag rank in August, 1888. Our portrait is by G. West and Son, Southsea.

Mr. Emile Fuchs, who has designed the new stamps, is a Viennese painter and sculptor now settled in London. He was born in 1866, and studied sculpture at the Royal Academy of Berlin (Prix de Rome, 1891). In 1896 he gained the gold medal at Munich for a group in marble entitled "Mother's Love." During the past year the King bestowed upon him the Victorian Order (Hon. Fourth Class). Our portrait is by R. J. W. Haines, Milman Road.

The Very Rev. Henry Jellett, D.D., Dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, was ordained in 1844, and spent the succeeding

published on Saturday. Lieutenant Hall left Chunliangchun at 3.30 a.m. on the 17th inst. with a small detachment of the 4th Punjab Infantry in pursuit of a band of brigands. The band, who were strongly armed, had taken up a position in a house. Adopting every possible precaution for the safety of his men, Lieutenant Hall surrounded the house and commenced an attack. He killed ten of the brigands, captured four, while only one succeeded in effecting an escape. He also captured several rifles, some revolvers, and a large quantity of ammunition. Lieutenant Hall's smart action has brought him into prominence very early in his military career. He entered the Army on January 25, 1899, and joined the 34th Punjab Pioneers in April, 1900. He proceeded to China with his regiment in August, 1900, and was selected for employment under the Tientsin Provisional Government last June. Our portrait is by Tamemaca, Japan.

The announcement that Mr. A. J. S. Milman, C.B., Clerk of the House of Commons, will not be in his accustomed place when Parliament meets will occasion genuine regret among Members of all parties. He has been in ill-health for some time, and it is doubtful whether he could stand the strain of another high-pressure Session like that of last year. Mr. Milman is one of the institutions of Westminster. Man and boy, he has been directly connected with the school and the House for half a century. He is a walking cyclopaedia of Parliamentary rules and precedents. When Mr. Balfour says he has "consulted the authorities of the House," he means in plain language that he has had a talk with Mr. Milman. When any member appeals for light and guidance to the Chair, Mr.

Mrs. Philip Watts, wife of the newly appointed Chief Constructor of the Navy, has other claims to distinction. She comes of an old and noble house, the Comtes Simonau de Saint Omer, who fought gallantly for their king and country, and her father, the Chevalier Gustave Simonau, was a very distinguished traveller and artist. Mrs. Watts has taken much interest in the Volunteers, and some years ago was made President of the Ladies of Northumberland and Durham Association for promoting efficiency in shooting among Volunteers. Numerous handsome trophies, given by this society as prizes for marksmanship, have done much to encourage target practice. During the war, the services of the Elswick Battery were offered to the Government by Colonel Watts; in order to look after the interests of the men Mrs. Watts went to South Africa, spending a year there, and rendering valuable service in various ways, particularly in forwarding stores to the front, and in work at the Red Cross depot, Cape Town. She also travelled far, visiting the principal battlefields, Zululand, and the district to the west of Cape Town, of which fascinating country little has been heard from other writers. It was here, through her knowledge of Dutch, that she gleaned information of a Boer commando's near approach to the town of George, and gave the authorities time to form a Town Guard. Her work as a correspondent was excellent, many of her sketches appearing in *THE GRAPHIC*. Mrs. Watts is preparing a comprehensive series of lantern slides from snap-shots taken on the spot. This will shortly be delivered in the Geographical Institute, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Mr. Watson-Armstrong presiding. Mrs. Watts's removal from Newcastle will leave a blank not easily filled, her charm of manner and tact



THE LATE SIR J. H. GILBERT  
The well-known Agricultural Chemist



MR. EMIL FUCHS, M.V.O.  
The Designer of the new Postage Stamps



LIEUT. P. BYNG HALL  
Who captured a Gang of Brigands in China



M. MAXIM GORKI  
The Russian Novelist who has disappeared



THE LATE MR. E. ONSLOW FORD, R.A.  
Sculptor



MR. A. J. S. MILMAN, C.B.  
Clerk to the House of Commons, who is retiring



THE LATE ADMIRAL F. W. HALLOWES  
Crimean Veteran



MRS. PHILIP WATTS



THE LATE VERY REV. H. JELLETT, D.D.  
Dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin



THE MARQUIS ITO  
Japanese Statesman now visiting England

years of his ministry in the South of Ireland. When Archdeacon of Cloyne he was also a canon of St. Patrick's, and on the resignation of the late Dean West in 1889 he was elected by the chapter Dean of St. Patrick's. The late Dean was a prominent member of the representative body of the Church of Ireland, and had an established reputation as a sound theologian and an effective preacher. He was always a prominent figure in the debates of the General Synod, and took a valued part in the reorganisation of the Church after disestablishment. Our portrait is by Chancellor and Son, Dublin.

Sir Joseph Henry Gilbert, the well-known agricultural chemist, died at his residence at Harpenden. He had been in failing health for a considerable time. During the last few weeks, however, he had been gradually growing weaker, and death was not quite unexpected. Sir Joseph was director of the Rothamstead Laboratory, and was a collaborator of the late Sir John Bennet Lawes from 1843 until the latter's death. In 1882-3 he was president of the Chemical Society. Our portrait is by A. J. Melhuish, Pall Mall.

A smart piece of work by a young officer, Lieutenant Percy Byng Hall (who is the youngest son of the late General Charles Hall, B.S.C.) was recorded by the General Officer Commanding in China in a telegram to the Secretary of State for India which we

Milman screws himself round sideways, listens intently, and whispers the proper ruling to the Speaker. Altogether, it will be very difficult to replace him. He is the son of a famous literary Dean of St. Paul's, but he has not had much leisure for writing himself. An admirable historical sketch of the Royal Palace of Westminster is his best-known publication. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

The death of Mr. Onslow Ford is a grievous loss, not only, even not so much, by what he accomplished, as by the fine influence he exerted upon the public and among the schools. It is hardly too much to say that Mr. Ford was the pet of the Art World; he was the particular friend of every brother-artist and of everyone into whose company he was greatly thrown, if that man were worthy of friendship at all. And, indeed, he was esteemed alike for himself and his art, hardly less upon the Continent than in his own country. His career does not extend beyond the memory of the middle-aged man: it began so recently as in the late seventies, when he gained the competition for the Rowland Hill memorial statue now erected at the Royal Exchange. He had begun his education as a painter, but he turned to sculpture in time to come in on the crest of the wave he helped so powerfully to raise. But he worked too hard, and his delicate constitution gave way; but not before he left us a number of works of exquisite charm, and recorded some of the leading men of the day in imperishable bronze. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

as a hostess having made her extremely popular in the great northern centre. Our portrait is by R. E. Ruddock, Newcastle.

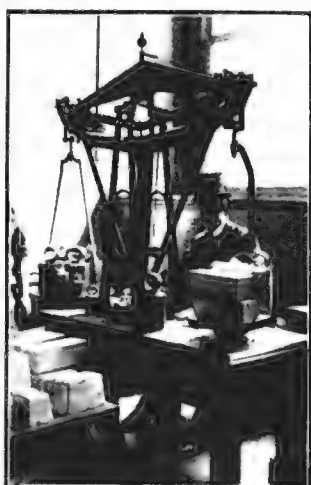
Maxim Gorki is the popular Russian novelist who was recently spirited away by the secret police whilst proceeding from St. Petersburg to Moscow, and is supposed to be now interned somewhere in the Caucasus under strict surveillance. Except for his serial novel, entitled "Foma Gordeyeff," which has just been dramatised, Maxim Gorki is more especially known as a very clever writer of short stories. He has the knack of several other satirical Russian authors, fostered by the censorship, of writing for an educated public which, for the same censorial reason, possesses a remarkable aptitude for reading between the lines, and recognising illustrious or well-known persons and institutions, under all sorts of specious disguises. The pity of it is that the Russian censor is also clever at interlinear interpretation, hence M. Gorki's disappearance.

To the Marquis Ito, who is now on a visit to England, is due more than to any other living man, that remarkable transformation which in the course of a generation has brought Japan from the dark ages and placed her socially and politically on an equality with all the Great Powers of the civilised world. He was really the head and brain of the movement which abolished the Chinese Calendar, brought about the adoption of European dress, and generally substituted Western ideas and modes of life for those of the Chinese. He has been four times Prime Minister.





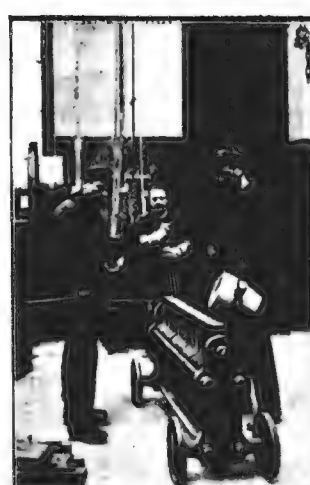
SILVER INGOTS ARRIVING AT THE MINT



WEIGHING INGOTS FOR THE MELTING POT



ONE OF THE STRONG ROOMS WITH THREE LOCKS



POURING MOLTEN SILVER INTO MOULDS



SILVER BARS BEING ROLLED TO THE REQUIRED THICKNESS

## Concerning the New Coinage

By H. C. SHILLERY

ANYONE who happens to be the fortunate owner of an ingot of gold which he desires to have in the more convenient form of sovereigns and half-sovereigns, is quite within his rights as a British subject if he presents himself at the Royal Mint and proffers a request to have his precious metal transformed into coin of King Edward's realm. Provided only that the gold be of that fineness stipulated by the Mint regulations, the coining has to be carried out minus any cost to the owner of the ingot. It is probable that the Mint authorities would be rather astonished if any chance individual called with a request of this kind, for the section of the Coinage

In the meantime, as those whose recollection of the recent proclamation is fresh are well aware, the new coinage will be restricted to gold and copper, and the same design for the King's effigy will appear equally on the farthing and the sovereign. No arrangements have been made as yet as to the issue of a new silver coinage, and hence another Royal Proclamation will have to be published ere that matter can be taken in hand.

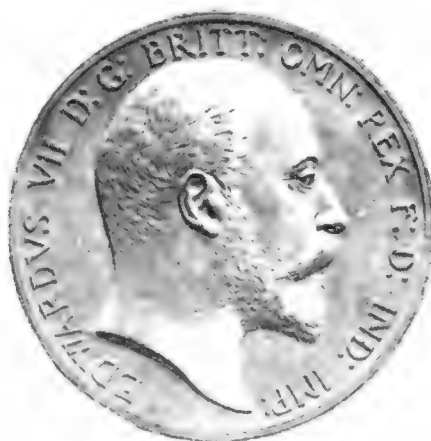
As a great many people are under the impression that the new coins were actually to be issued from the Mint on Wednesday last, it may save needless inquiries and some disappointment to state that it was not until the morning of that day a start was made with the new dies. The first coin of the first issue bearing the head of King Edward was not struck until the New Year began.

The accompanying photographs of the progress of a silver ingot through the Mint require little by way of elucidatory text. When the ingots have been duly weighed, and the necessary alloy proportioned to each "melting," it is probable that they may spend a few days in one or other of the Mint strong rooms, the doors to which are protected by three locks, of which one assistant can unlock two but must seek the aid of a colleague to unfasten the third.

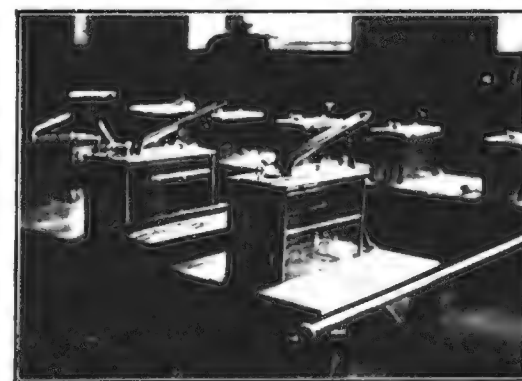
All the subsequent operations are the same, whether the coins produced be of gold, or silver, or bronze. The first stage reduces the ingots and their alloy to molten metal, which is then poured into moulds, and emerges in the form of bars. These bars pass through five roller presses, the last leaving them in the form of long strips of



RAISING A CRUCIBLE OF MOLTEN SILVER FROM THE FURNACE



OBVERSE OF THE NEW COINAGE



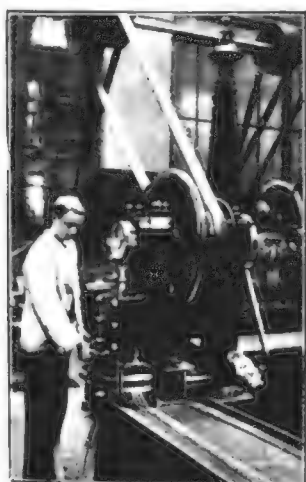
MACHINES FOR WEIGHING NEWLY MINTED COINS

Act under which it may legally be made is practically a dead letter. While, however, that is the theory, practice has resulted in establishing the Bank of England as almost the Mint's sole customer in gold bullion, and hence it may be taken for granted that the gold now being used for the first coins of King Edward's reign has reached the Mint through that channel.

And it is only through that channel that the new gold coins will find their way into general circulation. This does not hold good of the new or old bronze money. Pennies, halfpence, and farthings are distributed to the public through other banks and agencies as well as *via* the Bank of England; gold and silver, however, are only put into circulation by the first bank of the Kingdom.

What this means by way of indication as to the time which will elapse ere the new coins are largely available, only those can estimate who have a clear recollection of the complicated processes which go to the production of a coin. And that will not include any considerable proportion of the community. Although admission to the Royal Mint is freely granted on application for an order several days prior to that on which the visit is to be paid, the average of visitors per year for any twelvemonth during the last decade is less than 10,000. Yet there are few Government buildings more interesting to visit than this, and certainly none where the officials are more courteous or painstaking in their efforts to explain the work in hand.

metal gauged to the exact thickness of the particular coin about to be struck. From these strips blanks are cut, which are next pressed edgewise to ensure the raising of the edge by which successful milling is obtained. In their now hardened condition the blanks are unsuited to receive the die, and hence are thrust into a furnace to be annealed. Then, after being plunged in hot sulphuric acid, and subsequently washed in water and dried in sawdust, they are passed to the presses, which stamp them with obverse and reverse at one blow. Finally, each coin passes through a delicately adjusted weighing-machine, which casts aside as unfit for circulation any that are either too heavy or too light.



STAMPING THE SILVER BLANKS OUT OF THIN STRIPS OF METAL



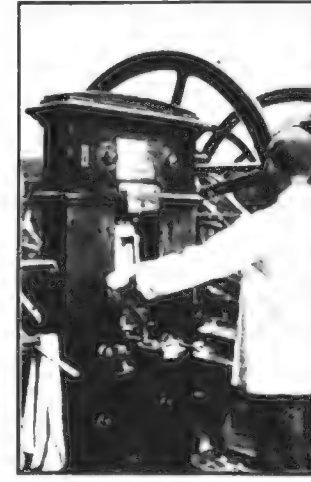
PRESS FOR RAISING THE EDGE OF COINS



THE ANNEALING FURNACE



PLUNGING COINS INTO BOILING ACID TO CLEAN THEM



PRESS FOR CONVERTING BLANKS INTO COINS

THE NEW COINAGE: A VISIT TO THE MINT



PRESIDENT LOUBET TAKES HIS POSITION



M. WALDECK-ROUSSEAU IN THE COVERS

THE FRENCH PRESIDENT AND M. WALDECK-ROUSSEAU ENJOY A DAY'S SHOOTING AT MARLY  
From Photographs by A. I. P.

## Old Drury

By H. BARTON BAKER

WITH the exception of the Comédie Française, which has a three years' start, old Drury occupies the oldest theatrical ground in Europe. Charles II. granted courtier Killigrew a patent to erect a theatre on the site of a riding-yard in Drury Lane, then a fashionable quarter of the town inhabited by nobility, and it was opened on April 8, 1663. The actors were styled "Gentlemen of the Great Chamber," and as such were provided with dresses of scarlet and gold. Very brief was the existence of the first Drury, which was burned down in 1672. The second, designed by Wren, cost 4,000*l.* 15,000*l.* has been spent upon improving its latest successor!

The famous players of that time, the grand tragedians, Hart and Mohun, who had fought in the civil wars, handsome Kynaston, who had been the Juliet and Ophelia of the pre-actress days, stately Betterton, the great Mrs. Barry, enchanting Ann Bracegirdle, lovely Ann Oldfield, equally incomparable in comedy and tragedy, and many others still live in the pages of Cibber's "Apology." After the death of Charles, old Drury had a chequered career. Often mountebanks were engaged to supplement great actors. Under manager Rich, it fell into the deepest degradation, and was at last closed by the Lord Chamberlain. Ruled by the famous triumvirate, Cibber, Dogget and Wilks, it enjoyed a brilliant twenty years and more; but, under Highmore and Fleetwood, fell into darkest night again, until the advent of that splendid genius, David Garrick once more raised it out of the slough of despond. "That young man," said Pope, then an old man, when he saw the stage-struck wine merchant play Richard III. at the Swan Street theatre, "never had a rival and never will." And I suppose Garrick's thirty years' management were the palmy days of old Drury, when, even in a scarlet laced coat and powdered wig, he and Mrs. Pritchard—she has a bust in Westminster Abbey—in hoop and powder, could thrill an audience in the murder scene of *Macbeth*; when saucy Peg Woffington distracted the town as Sir Harry Wildair, and Mrs. Cibber melted it as Juliet, and Kitty Clive kept it in a roar in I know not how many comic parts, and bewitching Mrs. Abington, the original Lady Teazle, played fine ladies as if to the manner born, though she had been only a street flower girl; and silver-tongued Barry, who at one time threatened the supremacy of Davy himself, was the Adonis of the stage.

After Garrick came Sheridan and *The School for Scandal*, and Sarah Siddons, who had so utterly failed under Garrick, but who, upon her *retrieval* as Isabella, in Southern's *Fatal Marriage*, by her terrible intensity roused such acclamations as perhaps had never fallen upon the ears of Roscius himself. It was in 1791 that Wren's old house, which had stood through six reigns and witnessed the triumph of every great actor, from Hart to John Kemble, from Mrs. Barry and Anne Bracegirdle, to Mrs. Siddons and Dora Jordan, was pulled down, and three years afterwards a magnificent new house, that held 3,611 people, against the 2,000 of the old, began its dramatic career with *Macbeth*, John Kemble and his sister, greatest of Lady Macbeths, in the leading rôles. In a prologue spoken by Miss Farren, fire was defied. The stage was converted into a lake, upon which a boat was rowed, a cascade fell at the back, and an iron curtain over the front, yet on February 24, 1809, Drury Lane, a second time, was burned to the ground.

And so we come to the fourth and present building, which cost 400,000*l.*, against Wren's 4,000*l.* It was opened in October, 1812, under the management of a committee of lords and gentlemen, of whom Byron was one. But nothing succeeded, until the night of January 26, 1814, when a little Jewish-looking, obscure, provincial actor, named Edmund Kean, appeared as Shylock. How often has the story of that eventful night been told. The little man, "with a great soul," trudging from his lodgings in Cecil Street, through fog and slush which penetrated his worn boots, a little bundle containing a few trills of costume in his hand, his heart heavy as lead; arrived at the theatre, wandering at the back of the stage to avoid the sneering, supercilious actors who prophesied failure. Then the transition, the whirlwind of applause that he raised in the third act, and the yet more frantic enthusiasm that burst forth at the end of the trial scene. And next day all London ringing with his name, unknown a few hours previously. What a romance!



1. CREAM SILK DRESS striped at intervals with double rows of black velvet. The bodice has a handsome collar of guipure lace, similar lace being arranged on the skirt, which is edged with a ruche of pinked-out silk.  
2. EMPIRE COSTUME.—Pale pink silk Princesse robe, elaborately embroidered in silver from bodice to hem of skirt. Deep ruby velvet train edged with sable and silver embroidery, two straps of velvet and embroidery clasping the train across the front of the bodice. Short puffed sleeves of pale pink silk muslin.

EVENING TOILETTES



### Eleven Prize Medals

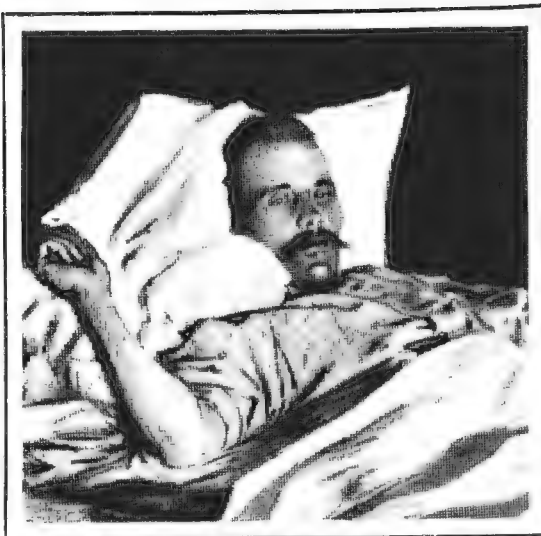
When the noblemen and gentlemen retired with a loss of 80,000/. Robert William Elliston, immortalised by Charles Lamb, took the house at a rental of 10,20 £. per annum, engaged a splendid company, spent 22,000/. on improving the property, and in seven years was a beggar. After that the great theatre fell into the hands of adventurers who utterly degraded it, and the repeal of the Patent Act, which had given Drury Lane and Covent Garden the monopoly of the legitimate drama, completed its ruin. A brief gleam of sunshine fell upon its fortunes when Macready opened it in 1841 with Mrs. Nisbett, Mrs. Keeley, Mrs. Stirling, Priscilla Horton, Anderson, Phelps, Ryder, Keeley, Harley, Elton, produced Shakespeare with a poetic beauty that has never been surpassed, and for the first time cleansed the auditorium of the social evil. But it all ended in failure. Then more dark days under "the poet Bunn," James Anderson, culminating with E. T. Smith, who alternated *Uncle Tom's Cabin* with Chinese jugglers, Rachel with "a man fly," Gustavus Brooke with cheap, though good Italian opera.

Under Falconer, 186, and afterwards Chatterton, the dignity of the National Theatre was once more revived with admirable revivals of *Henry IV.*, *King John*, splendid productions of *Manfred*, *Faust*, etc., with Helen Faucit, Messrs. Herman Vezin, Phelps, Walter Montgomery, Ryder, Barry Sullivan. But Chatterton declared that Shakespeare spelt ruin and Byron bankruptcy, and 1868 brought out *The Great City*, in which Miss Madge Robertson made her debut—the first of those realistic dramas for which the house is still famous. Then came Halliday's adaptations of Scott's romances, interpreted by Phelps and beautiful Adelaide Neilson. But in 1879 the doom of all Drury managers, bankruptcy, fell upon Chatterton. The spell was broken by Augustus Harris, who was probably the first since David Garrick to make the theatre pay; but his programme was sensational drama and gorgeous pantomime, for which all the possibilities and impossibilities of earth, air, fire and water were utilised. Not less successful is the syndicate represented by Mr. Arthur Collins, which pays dividends that might make the poor old bankrupt managers rise from their graves—could they know of them.

What a world of recollections gather about those gloomy, soot-stained old walls—of beauty and genius, of triumphs and failures, of great artists, of great authors, of the millions of men and women, great and little, who have laughed and wept within them; the literature of over two centuries teems with allusions to old Drury, and the pens of some of our finest writers have immortalised it.

### Events of the Year

ONE of our Supplements this week consists of the *Daily Graphic* summary of events for the past year. Concisely written and with over a hundred illustrations of the more important events of the past year, it gives an admirable survey of the principal incidents which signalled the opening year of the new century, while the long series of portraits remind one of those who have loomed prominently in the public eye during the same period, or who, alas, are included in the heavy death roll. No more interesting review of matters political, social, sporting, dramatic and scientific is to be found than this summary.



COMMANDANT SCHEEPERS, WHO HAS BEEN TRIED FOR MURDER IN SOUTH AFRICA

From a photograph taken in a hospital tent soon after his capture, by a British Officer

### Commandant Scheepers

COMMANDANT SCHEEPERS, whose trial has just concluded, though judgment has been reserved, is well known as one of the most energetic of the Cape Colony raiders. With a small but well-equipped force he for very long eluded the vigilance of his pursuers and succeeded in doing considerable harm. He became isolated, however, in the south, last September, and suffered a very uncomfortable time, being driven from post to post and losing heavily in every engagement. About this time, too, he fell ill, and, growing worse, could only be moved about in a buggy, eventually becoming so much worse that he sought shelter on a farm at Ketting, where he was taken prisoner by a troop of the 10th Hussars on October 12. A. J. Kritzinger, the chief figure in the second invasion of Cape Colony was certainly Scheepers. He pushed further south than any other Boer commander, and it is said that he actually reached the sea at Mossel Bay. Unfortunately, his campaign, though characterised by much courage and skill, is said to have been disgraced by many cruelties. He pursued a policy of reckless devastation towards the Loyalists and their property, and he showed little mercy to natives who were not zealously on his own side.

### Music Notes

#### THE CORONATION MUSIC

It has now been decided that Sir Frederick Bridge, as organist of Westminster Abbey, shall be responsible for the selection (which must, however, of course previously be submitted to the King) and performance of the Coronation music next June. This is a much better arrangement than that adopted at Queen Victoria's Coronation, when Sir George Smart, despite Her late Majesty's plainly expressed wish, was suddenly appointed to the office over the head of Turle, the titular Abbey organist, a decision which provoked a great deal of apparently very just criticism. No definite steps can be taken to select the music for the coming Coronation, until the actual form of Service is settled. For it seems that at the Coronation of the late Queen the ceremony in the Abbey occupied nearly four hours. This must, next June, be cut very much shorter, and the music must clearly adapt itself to the Service. Also a much smaller body of performers will probably be engaged than at the Coronation in 1838, when the singers and instrumentalists numbered in all nearly 400 persons. So huge a band and chorus could certainly not be accommodated in the Abbey next June, nor would they be required. At King Edward's Coronation, no doubt, Handel's Coronation anthem will form part of the Service, but it is anticipated that something will be specially composed for the occasion by Sir Frederick Bridge.

#### THE MUSICIANS' CONFERENCE

The Society of Musicians, an association of professional musicians including some of the leading teachers from the country, held their seventeenth Annual Conference in London this week. This year the questions discussed were a good deal more practical than they were a few years ago, and also the claims of music itself have been considered. For example, on Monday, the evening that the Conference opened, a reception was held in the grand hall of the Hotel Cecil, and many of the members took part in an interesting programme of part songs, the first portion being devoted to some of the less familiar glees and other part songs by the old masters, while to the second part Sir Frederick Bridge, Dr. Cummings and Dr. Creser, among other living musicians, contributed. Also on Tuesday evening there was an orchestral concert, in which were announced seven compositions selected from no fewer than seventy-eight orchestral works which had been submitted to the committee. The fortunate composers were Dr. Horner, Messrs. Boughton, Holbrooke, Keyser, McAlpin, Wight and Stoeving—a due admixture of the foreign with the native element. Various questions have been discussed at the Conference after the reading of certain papers, such as "Some Practical Results of the Modern School of Music," by Miss Margaret O'Hea, of the Royal Irish Academy of Music; "The Educational Value of Musical Examinations," by Dr. Harding, Corporation organist of Bedford; "The Training of Music Teachers," by Dr. F. G. Shinn, of Sydenham; and "Wagner's Instrumentation," by Dr. Henry Hiles, of Manchester.

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## The Royal Artillery and the War

By COLONEL F. C. MORGAN, late R.A.

IN the last number of the proceedings of the Royal Artillery Institution, there are published some interesting statements, showing the number of casualties amongst all ranks of the Royal Artillery, and also of horses of the batteries, during the campaign in South Africa up to June 30, 1901. A table also shows the number of rounds of gun ammunition fired from all guns used in the field by Horse, Field, and Garrison Artillery; that is from 7pr. guns up to the 6in.; the rounds fired from the machine guns known as "Pom-Poms" are not, however, included.

As regards *personnel*, it appears that during the period covered, fifteen officers were killed and seventy wounded, three only out of the latter dying of their wounds, whilst forty-one returned to duty; the remaining twenty-six being invalided home; in addition, twenty are recorded as having died of disease, eleven of the deaths being due to enteric fever. The number of R.A. officers present with the batteries in the field would probably have been about three hundred and fifty.

Amongst non-commissioned officers and men, seventy-nine were killed and five hundred and twenty-eight wounded. Of the latter, forty-nine died, and two hundred and eighty-three were returned to duty, the remaining one hundred and ninety-six being invalided home; in addition, nine hundred and eighty-nine died from disease, including four hundred and fifty from enteric fever.

As to horses and mules, 12,492 are stated to have either died or been destroyed, out of something like 25,000 animals.

Of the number of gun-ammunition rounds expended 140,676 were fired from the 15pr. gun of the Royal Artillery, that is, an average of 521 rounds per gun. Since forty-five batteries, or 270 guns, were in the field, 28,964 rounds were fired from the 12pr. Horse Artillery gun, or an average of 536 rounds per gun, for the nine batteries with fifty-four guns. As to other pieces, 9,130 rounds were fired from the 5in. howitzer, presumably lyddite shells, and 5,153 from the 5in. gun; also 5,193 from 12pr. guns of naval pattern manned by Royal Artillery men; 2,873 rounds were further expended by 4.7in. guns, and 2,430 by 2.5in. mountain guns. The 6in. guns and howitzers used only 363 rounds.

As to casualties amongst batteries, "Q" Battery, R.H.A., heads the list with one officer and five men killed, and five officers and thirty-nine men wounded; but the returns, on the whole, clearly show that the losses sustained were principally due to disease, and casualties from this cause will probably always vary considerably in different wars, according to the nature of the campaign and to climatic conditions, and for the latter reason especially great knowledge and experience on the part of the medical authorities are essential to the success of any campaign, not only in combating but in preventing disease. The great skill shown by our military surgeons has been amply testified by the fact of the very large percentage of wounded who recovered from their wounds.

The losses among the battery horses would necessarily be high, principally owing to the large target area an animal exposes to the enemy, and also a horse incapacitated by only a slight wound would have to be destroyed or be left to die on the battlefield in the majority of cases. It will, no doubt, however, be a matter for the future consideration of our veterinary experts, as to whether some

drastic change should not be made with regard to the rather coddling treatment troop and battery horses receive on home service in peace time. Certainly the present system has not proved eminently successful in producing horses fit at any time to undergo the hardships of a campaign. We know of many farmers' horses in this country that never see the inside of a stable, winter or summer, although at draught work all day. Perhaps more liberal rations and more work, with less grooming and warm stabling, might increase the hardiness of a battery horse.

As to the large number of rounds fired per gun, the necessity is shown for the provision of well-equipped ammunition columns for the supply of the batteries in the field. These should be kept up in peace time, and constantly trained at field days and manoeuvres, and not merely extemporised on the outbreak of war. During the Franco-Prussian War the largest number of rounds expended in one day was at St. Privat, when fifteen batteries (ninety guns) of the Guard fired an average of 100 rounds per gun. In future, however, this number will, no doubt, be frequently exceeded, owing to the general introduction of various appliances to guns and carriages for the purpose of quickening their rate of fire. Another matter in connection with the number of rounds fired is the excessive wear that takes place in the bore of a gun after, in some cases, a comparatively few number of rounds have been fired. This wear is caused by the erosion of the gases on discharge, and materially affects the accuracy of shooting of the piece. A more suitable form of steel must be found for the inner barrel, or some other metal used, and if this is not found possible a large reserve of guns must be kept.

The present war has taught us that on the outbreak of hostilities an almost unlimited and sufficiently suitable supply of men and horses can be obtained in the open market. Such is not, however, the case with guns and projectiles, as the plant for their manufacture does not exist in sufficient quantities in this country to enable a large number to be turned out in a short space of time.

## Paris Gittings

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

ONE of the most striking things in modern French life is the ever-growing extent to which Christmas is celebrated. Twenty years ago the inhabitants of Paris and France generally confined their observance of the festival to giving themselves indigestions by consuming large quantities of black puddings—the famous *boudin noir*—and going to midnight mass on Christmas Eve.

But all this has been changed. Since the war there has been a steady influx of Alsations into France, who bring with them the customs of the Fatherland. Then the spread of Anglomania among the aristocratic and wealthy classes has done the rest. It has become the thing *chic* to celebrate Christmas à l'Anglaise.

A week before December 25 the long rows of green-painted booths begin to spring up on either side of the Boulevards. These are filled with toys and presents of all kinds. This year, thanks to

the initiative of M. Lépine, Prefect of Police, in holding the toy show at the Tribunal of Commerce and giving prizes for the most ingenious inventions, the booths are more plentiful and better garnished than ever.

Instead of waiting for the New Year, with its *étrennes* or presents, all the little French children have been anxiously wondering what *le Petit Noël* (Anglice Father Christmas) was going to bring them, and putting themselves through a severe examination of their consciences to see if they had been *bien sage* and worthy of his gifts. The little citizens of Paris do not hang up their stockings like English children, but place one of their shoes at the fireplace as a mute invitation to *le Petit Noël* to do his duty.

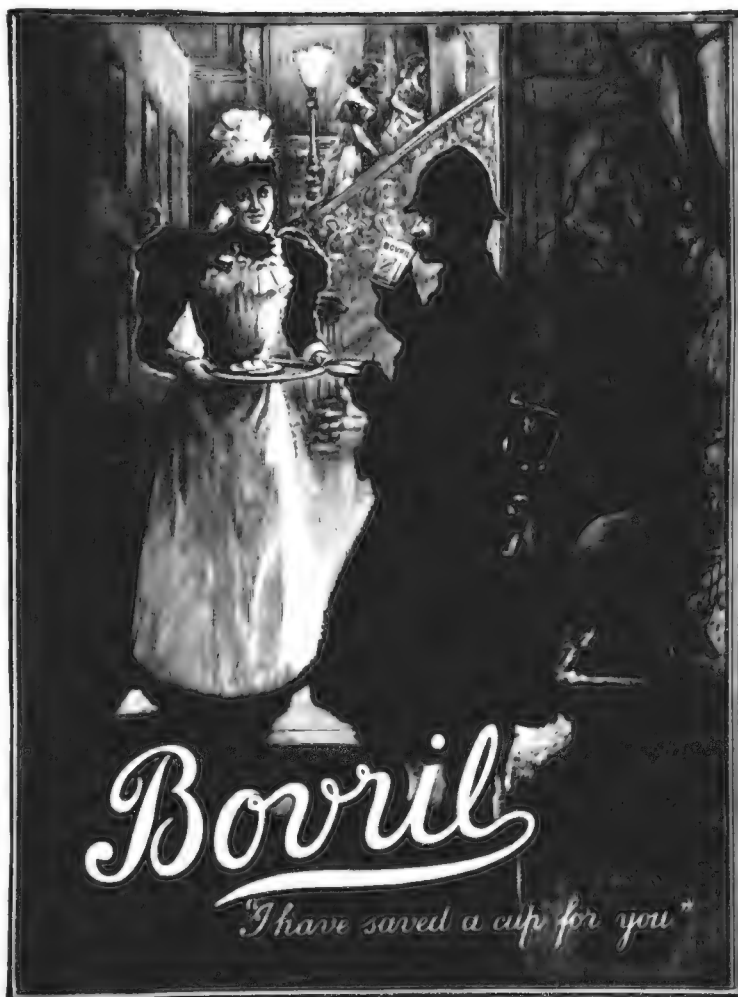
Then the Christmas dinner greatly exercised their imagination. Turkeys were on view in every poultry shop, and the French now do not even recoil before the complications of the plum-pudding. The majority, of course, prefer to purchase it ready-made at "Old England," on the Boulevard des Capucines, or *chez Potin*, that universal provider of toothsome delicacies. Nevertheless, every English resident in Paris is generally at this season bombarded by his or her French friends for the recipe for the English national dish, and French housewives are fabricating it with more or less success.

The Alsatian contribution to the Festival has naturally been the introduction of the Christmas tree. The aspect of the flower markets behind the Madeleine and on the left bank of the Seine would make a modern Macbeth imagine that Birnam Wood was again on the move. The Louvre, the Bon Marché, and the other grand *magasins* which are such important factors in Paris life provide the necessary Christmas tree decorations at prices to suit every purse, so that the Alsatian workman can give pleasure to his children as easily as the magnate of the Champs Elysées.

Then the Théâtre du Châtelet generally mounts its most magnificent spectacle for the Christmas season, and very fairly represents the Christmas pantomime dear to the English child. The other theatres have followed its example, and the annual *revue* which is its nearest French equivalent is now produced in December instead of after the New Year.

The Christmas card has also made its appearance in France. Five years ago these were unknown. The Parisian contented himself with sending out his visiting card to his friends at the New Year. Now the more graceful English custom has "caught on," and thousands of people send artistic Christmas cards to the great satisfaction of the Minister of Posts and Telegraphs, whose revenues benefit by the new custom. Up to the present, the French card is inferior in artistic effect to the English one, but no doubt an improvement will take place as the demand grows.

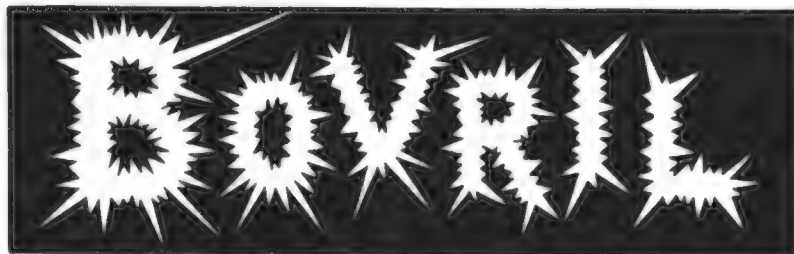
All this gives life and animation to the season and makes the English colony in Paris feel less and less each year that they are in a foreign country. The observance of the season is bound to grow, as it has on its side the children of the French capital, who, we may be sure, will take good care that there is no falling off; and as the French, as a people, adore their young folk, nothing will be wanting for the realisation, annually, of "A Merry Christmas."



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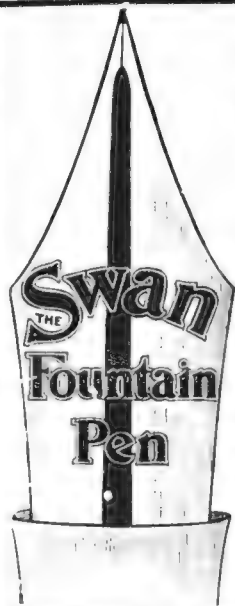
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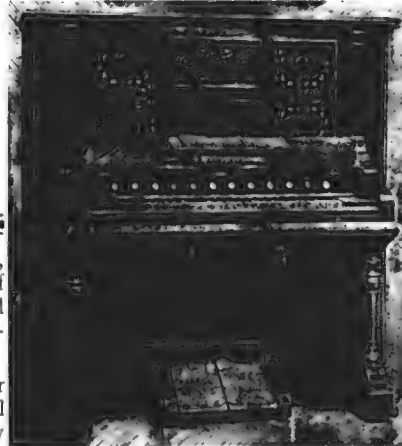
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"BRITISH SCULPTORS AND SCULPTURE OF TO-DAY" \*

THIS is the most, or, rather, the only important work on modern British sculpture that has as yet been produced. In fact, we might go farther, and say that it is the principal book on British "British Sculptors and Sculpture of To-day." By M. H. Spielmann. (Cassell and Company.)

sculpture of all time, for there is no doubt that that form of art in England stands higher now than it ever did before. "The power to discriminate between the bad and the good in sculpture," says Mr. Spielmann, "appears to be a rare gift." Yet it is a gift that he himself possesses in almost a superlative degree, as any one who reads his masterly treatise on the subject, in the early pages of the volume, will readily admit. Not only is it a lesson to those who are anxious and willing to learn how to really appreciate the beauties in sculpture, but also to students, architects and, above all, to our municipal bodies. He dates the rise of British sculpture from the year 1875 or thereabouts, and attributes it in the first instance to Carpeaux; "but," he says, "it was to Monsieur Dalou that we chiefly owe the great renaissance in England." This artist, a refugee in this country at the time of the Commune, was appointed by Sir Edward Poynter to the mastership of the modelling class at the Royal College of Art, and retained the post until the amnesty enabled him to return to France. "Before he left he had improved the work of the schools out of all recognition. Not only was the quality improved; the whole conception of sculpture seemed to be modified, and the fire of enthusiasm was set aflame where before it had been smouldering only, not far from extinction." M. Dalou was succeeded by Mr. Lavié, now a naturalised Englishman, who has fully kept alive the traditions of his predecessor. The late Sir John Millais, in writing of the sculpture of the present day, said:—"So fine is some of the work our modern sculptors have given us, that I firmly believe that were it dug up from the oyster shells in Rome or out of Athenian sands, with the *cachet* of partial dismemberment about it, all Europe would straightway fall into ecstacy, and give forth the plaintive wail, 'We can do nothing like that now!'" All the elements that are part and parcel of successful and artistic sculpture are ably discussed by the author; taste, material, patronage, sculpture as allied to architecture, etc.; but perhaps the most important part of his article is that dealing with "Committees." "Committees," he says, "have to answer for very much. It is certainly the misfortune of sculpture that it is so often under the fiftful and fateful patronage of such a 'Committee.'" Mr. Spielmann hits straight from the shoulder. "This is an opportunity," he writes, "for plain speaking on this all-important trouble, and I am inclined to seize it—the more readily because for years past I have seen some of our ablest sculptors write under the tyranny of well-intentioned members of Committees." As a book on Art, or an artistic book, this work

stands high—it is, in fact, a volume to be looked through with pleasure and read with profit.

### "THE VELVET GLOVE"

There are many pleasant things in Mr. Henry Seton Merriman's lively and picturesque new story of Spain while still seeking a king (Smith, Elder and Co.). The development of his heroine, Juanita de Mogente, from the most schoolish of schoolgirls into a woman with a heart and mind, and the full knowledge of both of them, is as natural as it is charming. No less pleasant is it, by way of change, to find the prize fall to a lover so singularly unbusinesslike as not only to promise the lady, at her bidding, never to make love to her, but to keep his promise—well for him that no bolder or less scrupulous wooer came in the way. However, all that he wins he amply deserves, if only for his increasingly rare virtue of never saying a word more than he must, or more or less than he means. We are not so sure about our liking for the villain of the story, Don Lajo Mon. His schemes are too futile, and he shows no fight when he is battled as they invariably are with the completest ease. But that, also, is pleasant in its way, as is the story, steeped in Spanish romance, of an intrigue to force an immensely wealthy heiress into taking the veil so that her fortune may be annexed for the cause of Don Carlos, but frustrated in almost too straight and simple a way. Mr. Merriman has also pleasant things to say on his own account as "The Ebro . . . runs through the city of Saragossa. It is a river, moreover, which should be accorded the sympathy of this generation, for it is at once rapid and shallow;" or "He had never quarrelled with anyone. He was, in consequence, a lonely man. For the majority of human beings are gregarious. They meet in order to quarrel. The majority of women prefer to sit and squabble round one table to seeking another room. They call it the domestic circle." The pictures of what is still Old Spain, despite every affliction of progress, are delightful altogether.

### "THE FIRST MEN IN THE MOON"

Mr. H. G. Wells is mistaken in presenting Messrs. Cavor and Bedford as the first human visitors to the moon. That honour, or at any rate distinction, is due to the late Baron Münchhausen—at least, so he said; and Mr. Bedford, the survivor of the later expedition and the narrator of its record (George Newnes), can do no more. We much prefer the narrative of that more experienced traveller,

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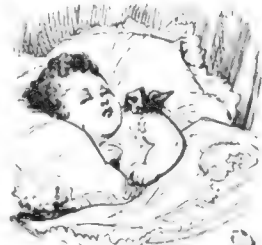
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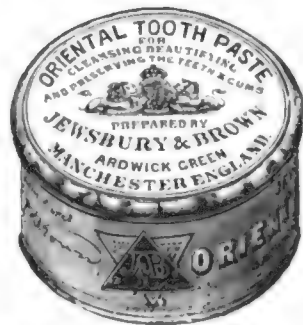
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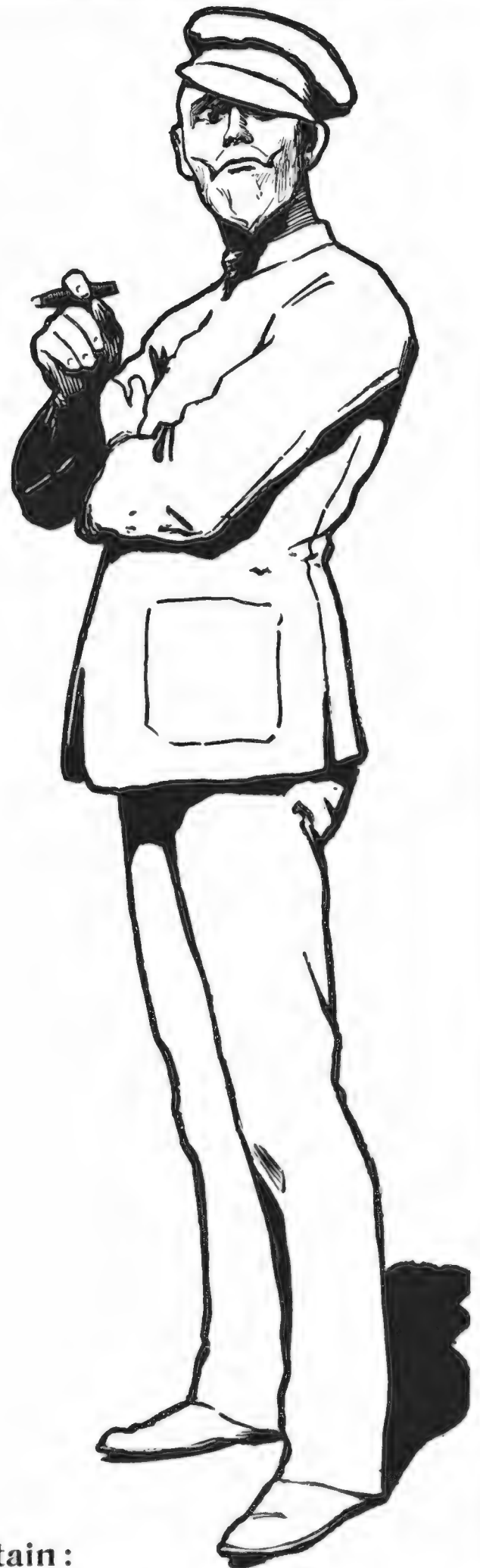
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#### "THE PORTION OF LABOUR"

Mary E. Wilkins's new—and very long—novel, "The Portion of Labour" (Harper and Brothers) derives its title from the text "I withheld not my heart from any joy, for my heart rejoiced in all my labour, and that was my portion of labour." Before the joy comes in, however, there is a terrible amount of the contrary—a strike, with all its complicated miseries, personal and social: and, in short, what we are to regard as the results of labour when it is nothing more than toil. The scene is laid in a little industrial district of New England, and provides the authoress with full scope for her skill in that particular branch of local portraiture, and in depicting

the pathos of superficially dull and colourless lives. Indeed pathos, in many forms, may be called the note of the novel. The work is interesting: but it requires leisure for its appreciation—or, indeed, for its mere perusal.

#### "BEFORE I FORGET: BEING THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CHEVALIER D'INDUSTRIE."

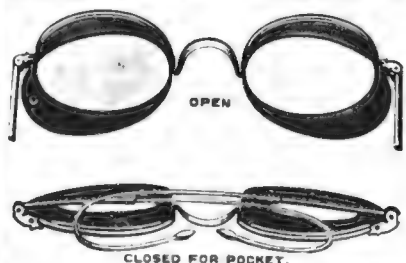
There is little to be said either in praise or dispraise of this volume. The author does not pretend that it is a literary production—nor is it. He speaks with a becoming modesty of his admittedly successful career. His first professional engagement was at the old Prince of Wales's Theatre, where, for the modest salary of ten shillings a week, he took the part of a schoolboy in *Parents and Guardians*. He next went on tour in *Diplomacy*, after which he rose rapidly in his profession, playing many parts under different managers. It was after the closing of Toole's Theatre, where he had been acting in *Two Recruits*, when being without employment, he accepted an offer to sing at the Pavilion. His opening song was the "Coster's Serenade," and from the moment he sang it his reputation was made. After some years at the "Halls," he started on his own account as a public entertainer. Since then his success has been phenomenal. He has travelled much in England, and has

"Before I Forget: Being the Autobiography of a Chevalier d'Industrie." By Albert Chevalier. (Fisher Unwin.)

also visited America, where, as is usual with notable performers, when he wasn't singing, he was being interviewed. The book abounds in amusing and interesting anecdotes, many pages are taken up with the words of his various songs, and there are over sixty illustrations, principally of the author, in different characters.

#### MORE NEW EDITIONS

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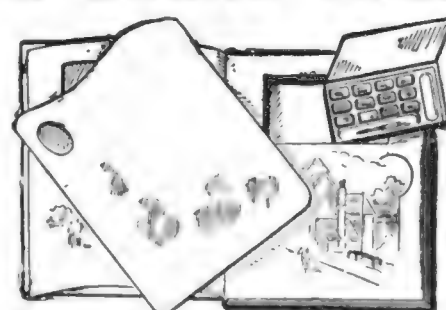
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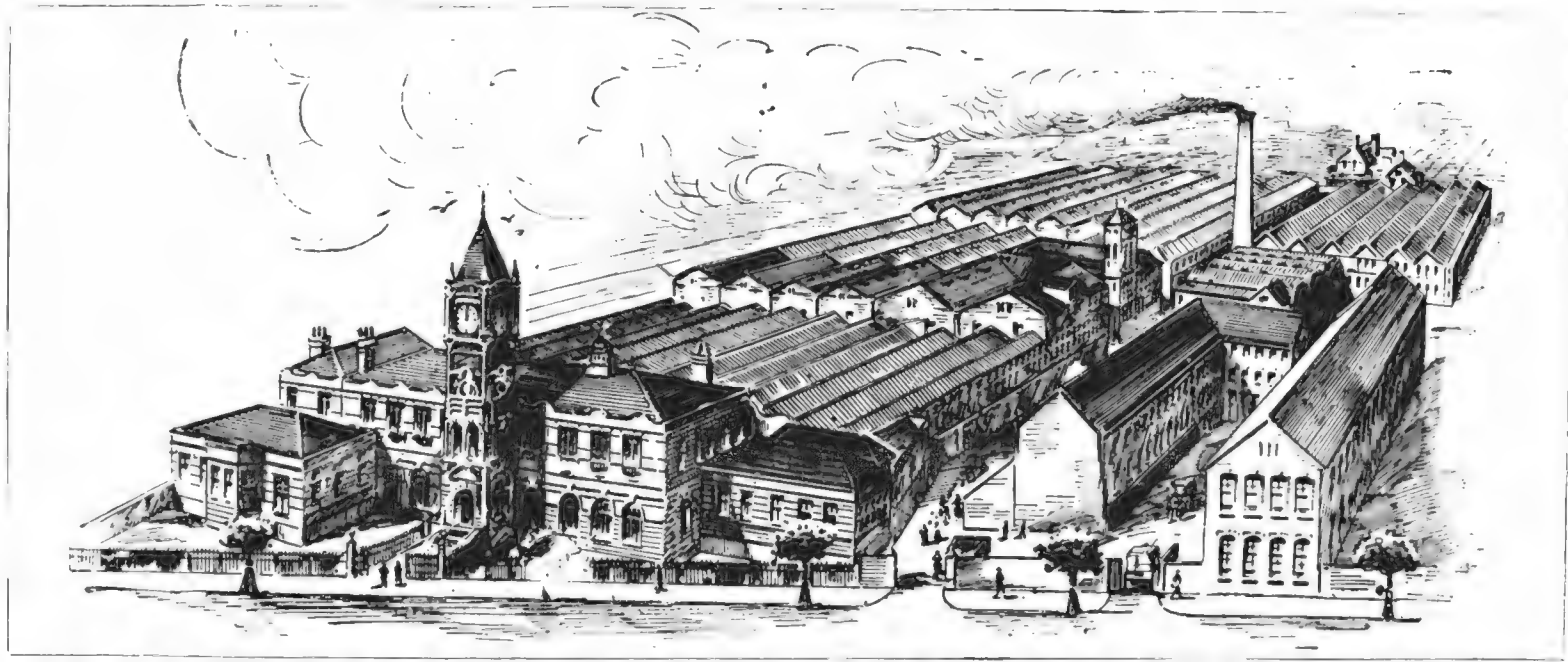
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is, indeed, dealt with very fully, there being besides some thirteen pages of general remarks on the subject listed in order of precedence, peerages, baronetcies, Privy Councillors, the Judicial Bench, Maids of Honour, and officers of arms. The Orders of Knighthoods are fully treated, and biographies are given of knights, bishops and Privy Councillors. A word of praise is due to the introduction, which is of especial interest, as it contains much information of peculiar interest in the coming year, when the Coronation will absorb everyone's attention. The Royal crown, coronets, caps and mantles of peers and peeresses are fully described, and in some cases illustrated. In the preface will be found an admirable account of the honours conferred during the past year. — "Dod's Peerage, Baronetage and Knightage" (Sampson Low), which has now reached its sixty-second year of publication, has its claim to popularity on its low price, its enlarged contents and its facility of reference. Peers, baronets, knights, bishops, Privy Councillors, the widows of peers, baronets and knights, and Lords

of Session in Scotland, and judges are arranged in one alphabetical list, while the names of all those bearing the courtesy title of Lord or Lady and Honourable are set forth in another list. It is obvious that for hurried reference, "Dod" is admirable. To each name is appended a biographical notice giving the parentage, date of birth, marriage, school and university, call to the Bar, or ordination steps in professional life, public services, naval, military and diplomatic, shrievalty, Deputy-Lieutenancy, Yeomanry, Militia or Volunteer Commission, and the seats and residences in town and country. The volume also contains, among other things, an admirable treatise on precedence, and an original article on the inferior titles of living peers, and some forty-one illustrations of the coronets, badges, collars, stars, and devices peculiar to each rank. The volume has been revised and brought up to date. Mention is made of the deaths of Sir Charles Legard, Sir Francis Lushington, and of Admiral Sir George Elliot, and of the appointment of Dr. Charles Gore as Bishop of Worcester.

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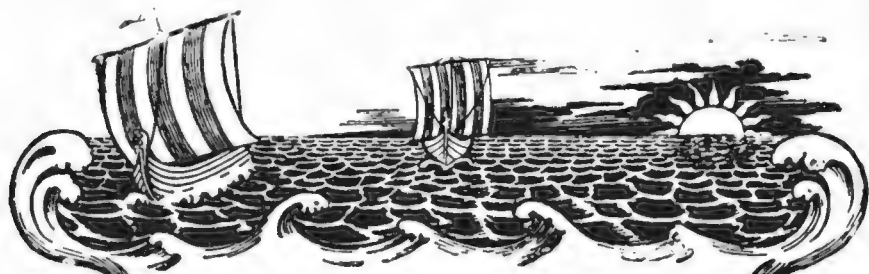
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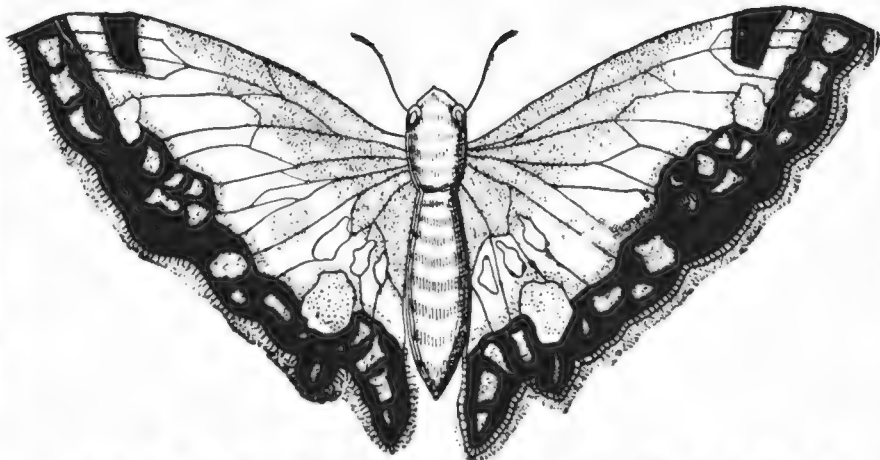
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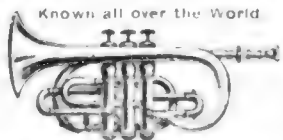
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ECZEMA, SCURVY, SCROFULA, BAD LEGS, ULCERS, GLANDULAR SWELLINGS, SKIN  
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# Events of the Year

THE "DAILY GRAPHIC" SUMMARY OF 1901.

THE first year of the new century, now passed into history, has been a year of mourning to the Empire. It has witnessed the close of the most splendid reign in British history; it has seen, too, many humbler homes stricken by the bitter toll of war. A funereal touch pervades its whole story. And yet the gloom is only superficial. The Empire is the richer by the garnered heritage of the great Queen it has lost, by the sanctifying example of a blameless and



Her Majesty Queen Victoria: Died January 22nd. (Photographed by Lafayette, New Bond Street.)

devoted life, transfigured into a glorious national tradition and a holy memory. Nor has the year shown the nation unworthy of this great heritage. It has been a full and fruitful year, a year of stress and labour not unblest. It has witnessed the opening of a new reign, which promises to sustain all the splendour of the old; it has witnessed an abundant strengthening of the links which bind together the scattered dominions of the Crown: it has seen the valour and the patriotic devotion of the nation unrelaxed by years of peace and prosperity, and the virile progress and material wealth of the people undiminished by exceptional sacrifices and exertions. The cloud that hovers over it has indeed a golden lining, and already the rays of a new and glorious day are breaking through it.

## THE DEATH OF THE QUEEN.

On Friday evening, January 18th, the placards of the evening newspapers bore the words, "Illness of the Queen," a legend dismissed with angry contempt by many who saw it; but painfully confirmed by the "Court Circular" of the same night, which ran:—

The Queen has not lately been in her usual health, and is unable for the present to take her customary drives.

The Queen during the past year has had a great strain upon her powers, which has rather told upon Her Majesty's nervous system. It has, therefore, been thought advisable by Her Majesty's physicians that the Queen should be kept perfectly quiet in the house, and should abstain for the present from transacting business.

Had all the Queen's subjects been aware of the change that had been coming over her health during the few preceding months—the sleeplessness at Balmoral, and the loss of her wonted activity—then this, joined to the knowledge of her great age, and that she had worked harder as well as lived longer than any English Sovereign who had preceded her, might have told her people that the inevitable end was nigh. But by the Queen's own wish—a wish founded on consideration for her people—any premature announcement had been guarded against. Consequently the meagre statement of the "Court Circular," while it excited alarm, did not forbid hope. It was a hope that, at one point, received stimulation, for the throngs which assembled at Buckingham Palace, or at the Mansion House, to scan the bulletins, learnt from

Berlin on the same day with all haste, to come on the same anxious errand. He was accompanied by the Duke of Connaught, and met by the Prince of Wales, and all three, together with the Duke of York, went on to Osborne on the Monday. The next morning the bulletins announced that the Queen's illness had assumed a more serious aspect; and this was followed by the penultimate sentence of warning in the afternoon that the Queen was sinking. The watchers in places where the bulletins were posted, and those other millions of watchers, to whom the news by myriads of ways and means was carried in far distant parts of the world, waited in silence and suspense; but it was a suspense of short duration. The last message reached the Mansion House in London at seven o'clock on Tuesday evening. It was immediately posted up. It was from the Queen's eldest son:—

"Osborne, Tuesday, 6.45 p.m.

"The Prince of Wales to Lord Mayor.

"My beloved mother, the Queen, has just passed away, surrounded by her children and grandchildren. "ALBERT EDWARD."



King Edward leaving St. James's Palace after his Accession Council, January 23rd.

a dais in the "chappelle ardente." Four Grenadiers of the Queen's Company stood like statues at the corners of the coffin; upon it rested the robe and insignia of the Garter, and the diamond crown which the Queen had worn; about it were heaped flowers and wreaths from those to whom she had given birth; from her kith and kin; from those who loved her—one would almost have said; but if all who loved her had sent wreaths Osborne House would not have sufficed to hold them. Tributes to



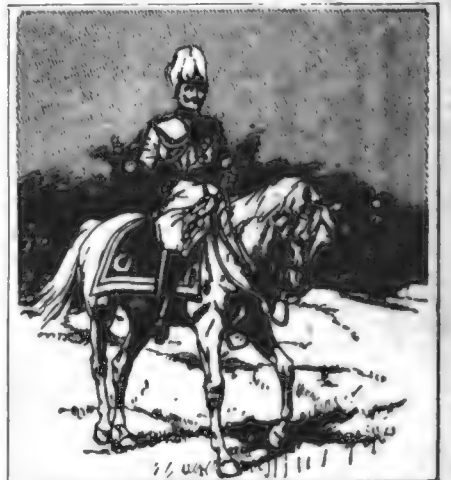
The Death of Queen Victoria: Guarding the remains in the Sanctuary Chamber, Osborne House.

those which appeared on Saturday and Sunday night's that the Queen's strength had been fairly maintained through the day, though "the symptoms continued to cause anxiety." Any slight relief of public apprehensions which may have been caused by this faint reassurance was counterbalanced by the knowledge that the Queen's children and grandchildren had been summoned to her bedside. The Dukes of Saxe-Coburg and Princess Beatrice and Princess Christian were already there; the Prince and Princess of Wales and Princess Louise went to Osborne on Saturday; and the greatest of the Queen's grandsons, Kaiser Wilhelm, the German Emperor, left

The news was received in silence, and as it spread over England and the Empire the silence of a personal grief accompanied it.

## Before the Funeral.

Until Thursday the body of the Queen lay in the death chamber at Osborne, and was then laid in its coffin, in a "chappelle ardente," which was part of one of the rooms of the house. The Queen's children and grandchildren, her household, and the tenants of her estate, saw her as she lay there—her face, so said those who saw it, marked by an expression of perfect peace and calm, her hands crossed, white lilies about her. By her own wish there was no official lying-in-state. The body was sealed in its coffin; and the coffin laid upon

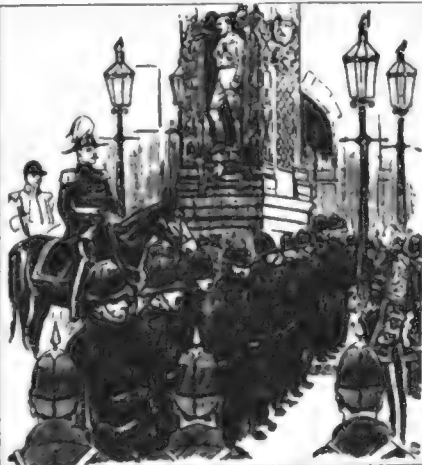


The Kaiser as a British Field-Marshal, appointed January 17th.

her, material or spoken, were flowing in from all parts of the world, from provincial towns and from public bodies—which met on the day after her death only to give expression to the sense of the nation's loss—from every Colony and dependency; and from nations who, in Mr. Balfour's words, if they loved not England, yet loved her. An order of public mourning was promulgated through the Earl Marshal, but it was unnecessary, for mourning was as spontaneous as it was universal. In Canada the day of the funeral was proclaimed a day of mourning; but here, as in Australia, and New Zealand, and Natal, to make use of the unadorned statement of Reuter, "all over the country, as well as in the towns, bells are tolling and the shops are draped



The Deputy-Garter proclaiming King Edward's Accession at St. James's Palace, January 24th.



The City Marshal's Challenge to Pursuivant at Temple Bar at the Proclamation of King Edward's Accession, January 24th.



The Reading of the Coronation Proclamation at the Royal Exchange, June 28th.



The Lord Mayor calling for cheers for The King after the reading of the Accession Proclamation at the Mansion House, January 24th.





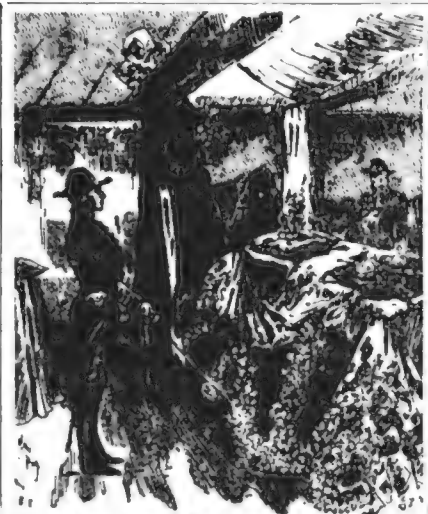
The Funeral of Queen Victoria: The King's Procession passing through the Royal Gates, Osborne House, February 1st.

with black." In every church, and chapel, and synagogue, in every communion, of whatever creed or belief, rose a murmur of sacred grief and prayer. Most of the Queen's subjects expressed, by the strange silence which seemed to fall upon the country, the most striking and truest evidence of their bereavement; but there were many noble spoken tributes to the great Queen. Space there is not to quote them adequately. "She had," said Lord Salisbury, "an extraordinary knowledge of what her people would think. I have said for years

believe, a single enemy in the world; for even those who loved not England loved her."

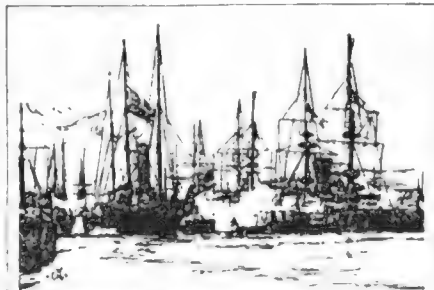
#### The Departure from Osborne.

The week and a half before February 2nd, the appointed day of the funeral, were thronged with the multitudinous arrangements which the death of a Sovereign and the succession of an heir make inevitable. The arrangements for the funeral called for no debate, and the preparations for them were made with unexampled ease and swiftness, because she for whom they were made had, with her incomparable zest for the smallest detail of duty, already prescribed exactly what they were to be. With one exception the Queen's arrangements as she made them were carried out to the letter. She had de-



Guarding the Bier of Queen Victoria on board the Alberta, February 1st.

that when I knew what the Queen thought I certainly knew what view her subjects would take"; and Lord Kimberley added that no statesman ever failed to take her advice without lamenting the consequences. "Probably every subject in Great Britain," said Lord Rosebery, "realises that he has lost his greatest and his best friend." "She prayed for her people," said the Archbishop of Canterbury; "she made us all feel that we were hers, and that she desired to be ours." And to quote again Mr. Balfour's speech, "She passed away without, I well



Queen Victoria's Floating Bier. The Alberta entering the line of warships off Cowes, February 1st.

signed that her body should be taken from the house where she died across the strip of sea to Portsmouth, and thence to Windsor. From St. George's Chapel, Windsor, the coffin would be carried to its last resting-place at Frogmore, where the body of the Prince Consort already lay. Thus in the passage across the Solent there would be opportunity for a naval funeral such as was meet in the case of a monarch who was the ruler of the proudest fleet in the world; at Windsor the body would receive a soldier's funeral; and at Frogmore the Queen would be laid to rest with her own, and in the presence of her own. To this programme the King made one addition, an addition sanctioned and demanded by the overwhelming and sorrowful affection of the people; the body was taken through the streets of London, so that they who for so

many years had there seen her come and go, and had treasured the remembrances of her bow and smile, might for the last time gaze their last, their very last, on all that was mortal of her. The first part of the funeral began at Osborne on the morning of Friday, February 1st. It was a beautiful morning, still and bright. The trees and lawns of Osborne House held a deceptive presage of spring; tenants and school children were gathered in the grounds; the drawn blinds of the big house alone hinted at the sadness of a funeral. But just before the hour appointed, a gun carriage of Royal Horse Artillery drew up at the entrance to the house, and a bearer party of bluejackets marched in to the glass-covered portico. Then, with that little thrill which, consciously or unconsciously, the presence or symbol of death always creates, the spectators saw a white-draped coffin being borne from the house and placed upon the gun carriage; and almost at the same moment the Grenadier guard of honour wheeled into the drive, and stood, a sinuous avenue of seriet, lining the road which the procession was to take. They stood with reversed arms, and even yet the silence seemed not to have been broken. But now the gun carriage carrying the coffin, with its white pall and Royal Standard, began to move slowly along the drive; and, marching before it, stepped the Queen's Highland servants and her pipers. They stepped a few paces, and then on the soft air stole the wail of the pipes—piercing, insistent, and, in the memories and thoughts it evoked, moving beyond words. The procession seemed to pass before there was time to analyse its constituent parts, but that was because none had eyes for aught but the coffin, with the crown, the orb, and the sceptre placed upon it. Beside the coffin walked the Queen's equerries and her aides-de-camp; immediately behind it Admirals Culme-Seymour and Fullerton; and after them the Royal mourners in threes, all of them who had naval rank in naval uniform. The King and the German Emperor both were uniformed as Admirals of the Fleet. With them walked the Duke of Connaught.

March ceased, but the dull roll of the muffled drums ceased not while the bluejackets bore their sacred burden on board the Royal yacht. The white-pallied coffin was placed on a crimson dais at the stern of the yacht, and the curtains of the canopy above it were looped up, so that all might see the last of their Queen. At the foot of that great burden knelt the Queen's women, the Countess of Lytton and the Hon. Harriet Phipps; and at its corners, motionless as the Grenadiers who had kept their vigil since the Queen's death, stood the four naval aides-de-camp. There were many sad, many moving, many impressive moments in the last great journey of the Queen's body to Windsor; but assuredly there was one here which was more moving than all—when at last the yacht, with its guardian watchers, slipped away from the wharf, and as it moved, the roll of the muffled drums ceased, and was replaced by the poignant pathos of voices which sang the Queen's favourite hymn, "The Saints of God." The yacht passed swiftly down the Medina, and as it reached the mouth of the river a flash and a echoing boom from the guardship Australia, the first of the long line of warships which stretched from Cowes to Portsmouth, told that the second stage in the Queen's journey had begun. Before the Alberta reached the guardship an escort of eight torpedo-boat destroyers, black, like funeral mutes, joined her, falling in on each side, and behind her followed the Victoria and Albert, on which the Royal Standard flying told that the King was on board. With him was the German Emperor and the other Royal mourners; the Osborne, following after, conveyed the Royal households. Last of all the great white Hohenzollern swung into line, and followed after, and so, steaming slowly, and to the thunder of guns, which were heard on that still day many miles inland, the procession passed on its iron-guarded way across the Solent.

#### The Naval Funeral.

Along the eight miles of sea over which the Queen was to be borne from her island home to that other



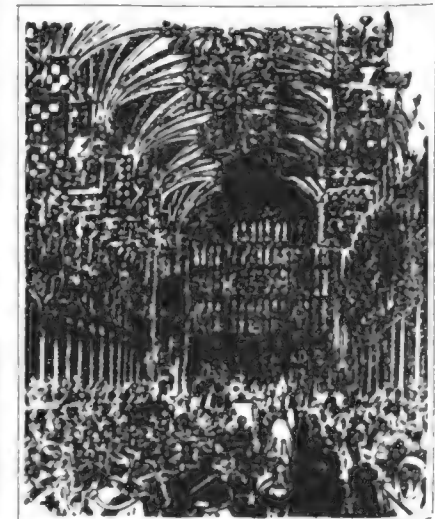
The Royal Mourners round the Coffin of Queen Victoria in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, February 2nd.

After them followed Prince Christian, Admiral Prince Henry of Prussia and Prince Arthur of Connaught, the young Duke of Saxe-Coburg, Prince Charles of Denmark, Captain Prince Louis of Battenberg, and the Crown Prince of Germany; and after these again Queen Alexandra, with, on either side, Princess Christian and the Duchess of Coburg; and, following after them, Princess Louise, Princess Beatrice, the Duchess of Connaught, the Duchess of Albany, Princess Victoria, Princess Charles of Denmark, and the Duchess of York. The Duke of York had been unable to take his place in the procession because he was ill; his wife returned to his bedside after accompanying the other mourners to Cowes. The procession closed with the household of the late Queen, and with the households of the Royal mourners who were following her coffin; and last of all came the servants of the house and the tenants and their children—none forgotten. It was, after the coffin and the Princes had passed by, like the homely funeral of some widely-loved and respected private person.

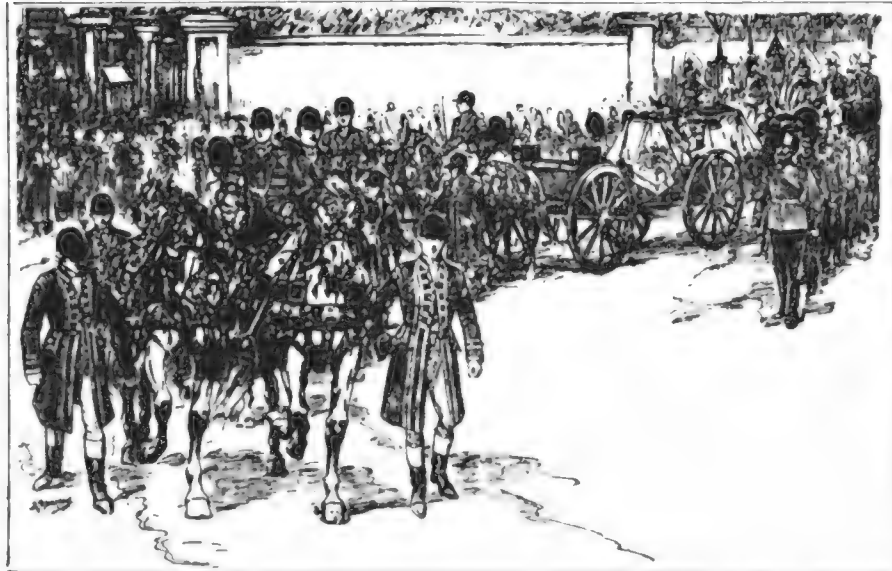
#### The Embarkation at Cowes.

As the procession neared the gates of the Queen's home its character to some extent changed. At its head now marched massed bands of the Marines, and when the long road which led through black bands of people down to Cowes was reached, the strains of Chopin's Funeral March struck through a roll of muffled drums. Thousands of country people watched with mute grief that sad procession, whose very simplicity of grief moved to tears, wend slowly down the road into the mean streets of East Cowes. Trinity Pier, by the side of which the Alberta was moored, is exactly opposite to the humble post-office whence so many messages of hope and fear and sad certainty had been telegraphed in the past fortnight. Near it on that day were grouped the last guard of honour that would be mounted for Queen Victoria in the tiny island of her southern home; and beyond it was the open square, with the bluejackets in readiness to take the Queen's body into the custody of the Royal Navy. Here the repeated strains of the Funeral

island which was to be her last resting-place the great battleships were stationed in majestic array. The end of that imposing line was lost to the eye. In single column towards the west, it was doubled at the eastern extremity, for there lay the warships of other nations who wished to join their tribute of respect to the Queen's own Navy. First in order opposite to the British Admiral's flagship, the Majestic, were four grey-painted warships flying the German ensign half-mast high; next, the dark Dupuy de Lôme; and beyond the tricolour flew the red sun of Japan, trailing over the stern of the formidable Hatazuze. Last of the foreign line was the Portuguese Don Carlos I. The British line, from the Alexandra at Cowes to the Majestic at Portsmouth, appropriately comprised the ships of



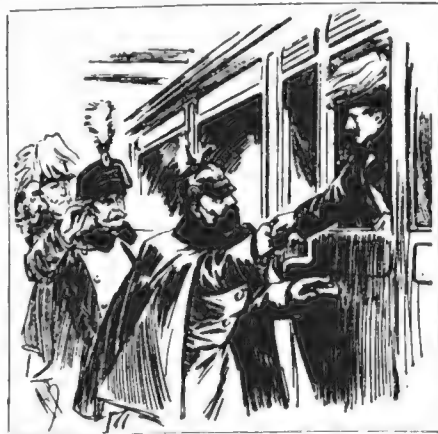
The Funeral of Queen Victoria in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, February 2nd.



The Funeral of Queen Victoria. The Gun Carriage and its burden passing through London, February 2nd.

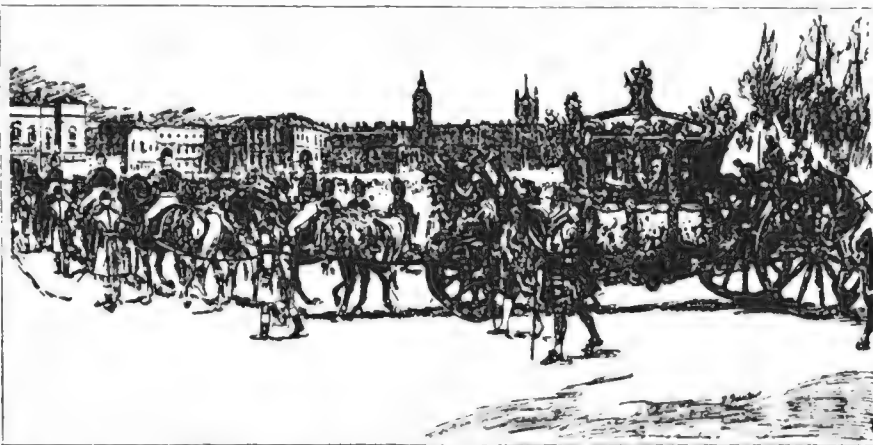


the home guard. At the Cowes end was Rear-Admiral Noel's squadron of the First Reserve, with the Alexandra for flagship; at Portsmouth the Channel Squadron stretched out a line of steel to meet its sister ships; and between the two flagships were twenty-eight war vessels, battleships and cruisers, as well as eight gunboats. It was along this line that the Alberta and her consorts passed. The first intimation that those whose privilege it was to be stationed at points along the warships' highway had that the Queen had set out on her last journey was that the Royal Standard on the tower of Osborne House fluttered down. The bugles on the warships sounded far and near; all was bustle and movement, and ship after ship manned sides—the bluejackets standing hand in



The Kaiser's Departure for Germany after the Funeral of Queen Victoria: The King's Farewell at Charing Cross, February 5th.

hand along the deck, and the Marines, with reversed arms, drawn up on the poop. Suddenly in the distance a quick red flash leapt out of the haze, followed by another, and yet another, in quick succession. Behind the flashes, ever spreading farther and farther down the line, woolly puffs of smoke shot out and hung motionless, and after an interval that seemed to the tense listener incredibly prolonged, the splitting boom of the report struck the ear. A minute's interval, and then, long before the smoke had cleared, again the quick red flashes down the line, again the dilatory roar, rolling like an echo. The flashes and the ceaseless sound of the firing increased, and the smoke thickened like a haze. Out of the haze—as those on the warships saw this great pageant—emerged the flotilla of de-



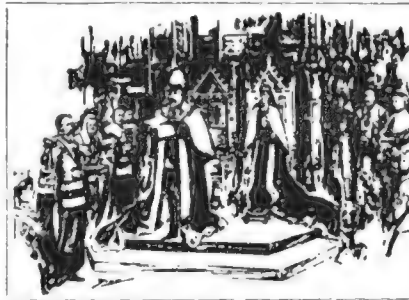
The State Opening of King Edward's First Parliament: Their Majesties proceeding to Westminster in the State Coach, February 14th.

stroyers. Low and black in the water, they moved so slowly that their propellers left no wave. When all had become visible, the masts of the Alberta appeared at last, the Royal Standard fluttering at half-mast at the main. Then the Victoria and Albert came into view, with the Admiralty flag at the fore, the Royal Standard at the main, and the Jack at the mizen. The white ensign drooped at half-mast astern. Behind her came the Osborne, without any flag but the drooping ensign; and the huge Hohenzollern. The Alberta, by the side of her consorts and her warship guardians, seemed incredibly tiny for her precious freight. As the Royal yacht passed the warships the mournful strains of a



The King and Queen crossing the Royal Gallery to the House of Lords at the State Opening of Parliament, February 14th.

funeral march from their decks floated across the waters to her, and still, as a deep accompaniment, boomed the minute guns from end to end of the line. The sun was sinking now, and its level beams fell in a path of molten gold across the tideway, and, touching the Alberta, made every detail on board clear and plain. The officer in uniform standing in the bows, the figures on the bridge, the crimson-draped canopy about the mainmast, all were focussed into one unforgettable picture. As that pathetic burden, with its awful stillness and majesty, was borne down the far-flung battle line, and passed under the roar of its saluting ordnance, it seemed as though finite human devotion was beating itself in one last pitiful assault against the eternal silence into which the Queen had passed.

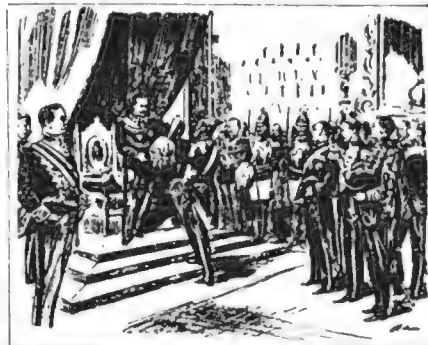


King Edward's Speech from the Throne at the Opening of his First Parliament, February 14th.

Behind the Alberta, on the other yachts, a few figures could be made out—the King plainly discernible. Before the pageant ended the sun had sunk to the horizon, and the little Alberta, as she passed between the towering battleships, moved in the golden track of the sunset's reflected glow. Above her the moon, almost full, showed faintly in the sky. It was almost dusk when the flotilla of destroyers, turning hard sport, passed slowly out of sight into the Portsmouth Harbour.

#### At Portsmouth.

As the Majestic was rounded the fleet ceased firing, and the minute guns were taken up by Southsea Castle and the saluting battery. Three ceased, and the minute guns boomed out from the old Victory and St. George. Marines and bluejackets had mustered at the yards and the jetties, and the boys of the St. Vincent lined the circumference of their



The Accession Mission presenting King Edward's Autograph Letter to the King of Italy in Rome, April 8th.

drill ground, but on the Jetty where the Alberta was to be berthed a number of Naval Pensioners were drawn up in their old uniforms, perhaps for the last time. The Alberta reached her berth a little before five o'clock, and almost immediately the mist began to fall, and heralded the shades of night. The night was very still and clear, but all lights were deadened on the yachts. Quite early next morning the preparations for the last stage of the journey began. The clearness of the night before had given place to rain, and it was almost in a squall that the King's pinnace, carrying the King and the Duke of Connaught, went to the Alberta. The King was followed by the German Emperor and the Crown Prince, and afterwards by the Queen and the Princesses. When the Royal Family had assembled on the Alberta a short service of prayer was read by the Vicar of Portsea,

Jas. Hennessy & Co.'s  
Brandy has the Largest  
Sale in the World.

# HENNESSY'S THREE STAR BRANDY

IT IS GENUINE  
BRANDY.



The King distributing South African Medals to Strathcona's Horse at Buckingham Palace, February 15th.

honorary chaplain to the Queen. At the end of the religious service, which took about ten minutes, the procession from the yacht to the train was formed. It was headed by the clergy. Next came the coffin of polished oak, without the pall, borne on the shoulders of sailors from the yacht. By this time the rain was falling fast, but fortunately a species of vestibule which had been erected protected the procession almost the whole way from the yacht to the train. The train left before nine. Minute guns were still booming as it set out on its journey to London.

#### The Arrival in London.

In London the day dawned grey and cheerless, after a frosty night, but the rain held off, and once or twice the sun broke through the clouds. At early morning people had begun to assemble in every street, in every road, at every window, in every place which commanded a view of the road the procession was to take between Victoria Station and Paddington. The whole line of the route was lined by troops, numbering in all over thirty-two thousand, and representative of every branch of the service. All were in their places long before the arrival of the train from Portsmouth, a striking testimony to the exactitude of the military arrangements. The second part of the funeral was to be military in its character, and the conduct of it was worthy of the greatness of the honour. In Victoria Station, awaiting the Royal train, were all the great officers of the Household, and the Royal Princes and representatives of all the civilised Powers of the world, whose presence was to swell the glory of this great occasion. Among them were the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, the King of Portugal, the King of the Hellenes, the King of the Belgians, the Duke of Aosta, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand of



The King Distributing War Medals to Imperial Yeomen on the Horse Guards' Parade, July 26th.

Austria, the Crown Princes of Roumania, Denmark, Norway and Sweden, and Siam, the Grand Dukes of Hesse and Saxony. At Victoria, too, was the first indication of the military privilege to bear the coffin. A gun carriage was drawn by the eight cream horses which had so often drawn the Queen's carriage in State processions. They were harnessed as they always have been on those great days, but the crimson rosettes and streamers were now purple. A postillion rode the near side horse of each pair, and a groom walked at the head of every horse, all the men wearing their scarlet and gold liveries. When the train arrived from Portsmouth the King, Queen, and the other Royal mourners alighted, and the ladies passed into a waiting pavilion. The King, in his uniform of Field-Marshal, however, remained without, to superintend the carrying of the coffin from the saloon to the gun carriage. The saloon, which had been draped in purple and white, was the same carriage as that in which the Queen had often travelled while she lived. The coffin was very quickly moved, the King and the Princes mounted the horses waiting for them, and in silence but very quickly the procession was formed. A Hussar signaller, who had been waiting near by, rode forth at a canter to announce the starting of the procession, and the word travelled along the long line of troops and solemn crowds all the way from Victoria to Paddington.

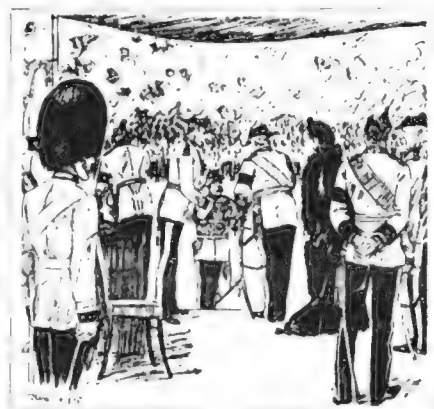
#### Along the Route.

Very many impressions have been written by very many people of that great sight, which London in

its hundreds of thousands saw that day. One of the most material of these impressions has always been the enormous crowds thronging, black, silent, decorous, which waited through St. James's, along Piccadilly, through Hyde Park, from the Marble Arch to Paddington, and at Paddington itself. Some authority, by a happy inspiration, had added to the tribute of mourning which was conveyed by purple draperies a more personal tribute, by collecting wreaths of green bays, which were hung on all the lamp-posts, and these preparations were sometimes described as the mourning in the streets. But the true mourning in the streets was that embodied in the demeanour of men, women, and children. The funeral passed by them, leaving them, as it had found them, mute and sorrowful. No stranger, more pathetic, more wonderful sight has ever been seen. But next to this material impression, the memory which most people took away was not of the majesty, might, dominion, and power of which the great procession was representative, but of just that one brief, significant part of it in which the coffin of the Queen upon its gun carriage passed by. Many spectators seemed to be able to recall little more than that. It is necessary here, however, to recall more particularly the constitution of the procession.

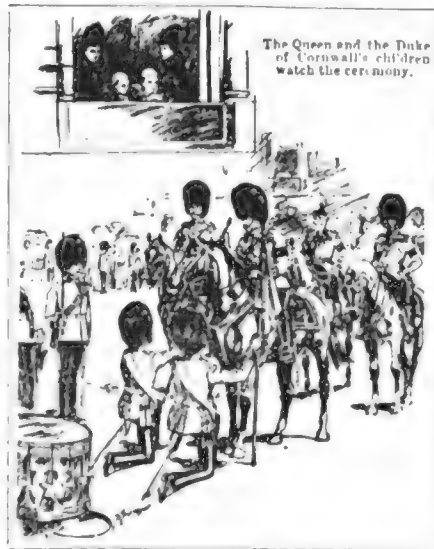
#### Order of the Procession.

At the head of the procession, preceded by an officer of the Headquarters Staff, marched the band of the Household Cavalry. Following them came Volunteers and Yeomanry, and a detachment of Colonial corps, still in the khaki of South Africa. Then after came the Militia detachments, the

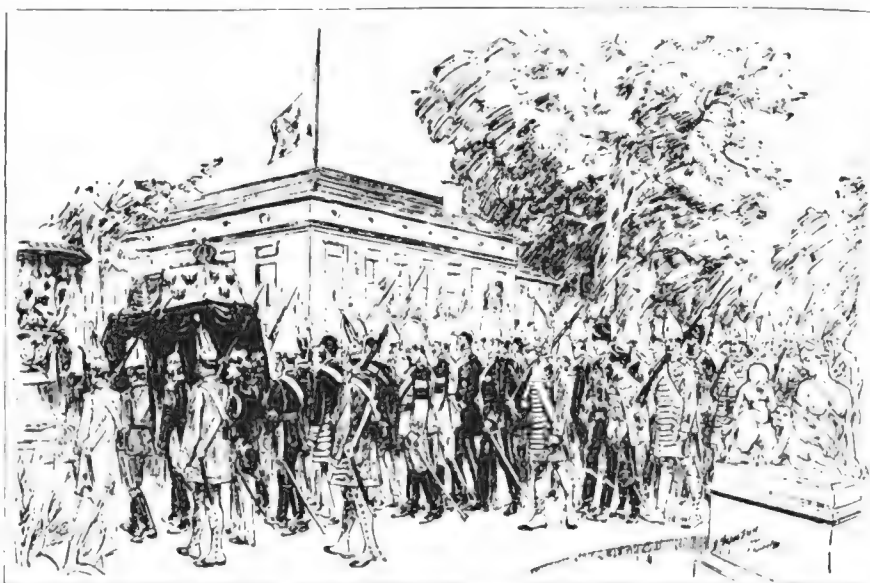


The King Presenting the South African Medal to Lord Roberts, June 12th.

Honourable Artillery Company, Army Service and Medical Corps, Ordnance and Veterinary Corps, and representatives of the Indian Army. These had been selected by the India Office, and were the symbol of an Empire, the lordship of which was first assumed by Queen Victoria. They were followed by infantry of the line, and the infantry by the Guards—Irish, Scotch, Coldstreamers, and Grenadiers. The Royal Engineers and the Artillery, with guns, preceded the cavalcade of cavalry and the Royal Horse Artillery. The Marines and the faithful bluejackets were last in the procession to precede the foreign and military attachés. Upon their heels rode the Headquarters Staff, last among whom was Earl Roberts, carrying the baton of a Field-Marshal. He wore a Field-Marshal's uniform under the dark cloak which was the order of the day. The four bands of Marine Light Infantry, Guards, Engineers, and Artillery immediately preceded the coffin and its attendants; and they played in turn the Funeral Marches of Beethoven and Chopin. The Earl Marshal, the Duke of Norfolk, the Gold Sticks, the great officers of the Household, and the aides-de-camp were in attendance on the coffin. That sacred burden, though so many people had eyes for none but it, is quickly to be described. Upon it, and over its white satin pall, were the Royal insignia—the Crown upon a cushion at the head, at the foot, upon another cushion, the two orbs, Imperial and regal, and the sceptre. Ranged on either side were the Equerries and the bearer party of Guards and Household Cavalry. The last of the Queen's officers were Prince Louis of Batten-



The King Presenting Colours to the new Battalion of the Buffs, May 24th.



The Funeral of the Empress Frederick: The Procession to the Mausoleum of Friedenskirche, Potsdam, August 13th.

berg, Count Gleichen, Admirals Fullerton and Culme-Seymour. The Royal Standard, draped with black erape, was carried by a corporal of the Household Cavalry. Following the coffin there rode by, almost before the eyes of the people could be lifted from the gun carriage, with its precious burden, the King. On his right, on a white charger, rode the German Emperor, like him, in the uniform of a British Field-Marshal. The King of Portugal and the King of the Hellenes rode next, and behind them thirty-six Princes and sons of many dynasties. It was not possible to receive more than a general impression of this splendid following, the living embodiment of much of the history of modern Europe, but it left behind a memory of resplendent uniforms, not altogether hidden. The Royal carriages followed, and in the first the Queen, Alexandra. She was accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Charles of Denmark. In the second carriage could be seen the aged King of the Belgians, and with him Prince Christian, the Duchess of Argyll, and Princess Beatrice. Other carriages conveyed the Duchess of Coburg, the Duchess of Connaught, the Duchess of Albany, Princess Adolf of Saxe-Weimar, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, and the late Queen's Ladies in Waiting. A detachment of the regiment of Prussian Dragoons, of which the late Queen was Colonel, came after, and, with some Royal Irish

had passed through London. Except the escort of the Life Guards, the soldiers had almost disappeared from it, and it was headed by the aides-de-camp. After the Royal Princes followed a new addition—the representatives of foreign States. The Ambassadors of Turkey, France, the United States, Spain, and Japan, and Envoys and Ministers from Persia, Switzerland, the Netherlands, and a score of other Principalities. Last of all came Gentlemen-at-Arms, with their axes reversed, and Yeomen of the Guard. The way lay along the High Street, past the Guildhall, through Park Street, and the entrance to the Long Walk. As it passed, the drums rolled solemnly, the great bell in the Round Tower, never before tolled, boomed out its knell, the guns in the Long Walk fired their protracted salute. The procession entered the quadrangle by the George IV. gate, and passed across the Castle court-yard. As the Horse-Guard's Cloister was approached the escort of Life Guards drew aside, and the bands took up their places on the green-sward beneath the Chapel wall. The mourners advanced slowly, in the same order as that which they had hitherto observed, and as the long line of Kings and Princes moved forward, the guard bowed their heads over their reversed arms. In a few moments the steps of the West entrance to the Chapel were reached, and the Dean and Prebendaries had received the coffin containing the body of the Queen.

#### In St. George's Chapel.

Long before the arrival of the procession, the great Chapel, in whose magnificent walls pageants unnumberable of mourning and rejoicing had been witnessed, representative of all that is great and honourable and of good report in the life of the Empire, political, social, municipal, were present. The Marquess of Salisbury, Mr. Balfour, many members of the Corps Diplomatique, members of past and present Cabinets, Privy Counsellors, were in the Choir. In the Nave were the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, the Lord Mayor of London, Sheriffs, and outshining them in brilliancy the robes of the judges and the great legal officers—the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, the Attorney-General, and the Solicitor-General. The representatives of the Colonies were there, Lord Strathcona, Sir Andrew Clarke, Sir Horace Tozer, and very many others.

#### The Service.

Awaiting the coffin were the ecclesiastics who were to take part in the service. At their head were the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, with surpliced choristers bearing their trains. After them came the Bishop of Winchester, as Prelate of the Order of the Garter, the Dean of Windsor as Registrar, in their vestments. The knightly spirit of the ceremonial was at once apparent. They were shrouded in long mantles of dark velvet, with a knot of white ribbon for mourning on their right shoulders. Behind them the Bishop of Oxford, in a mantle of



King Edward and the Empress Frederick in the grounds of Friedrichshof, February 26th.

Constabulary, the Sovereign's escort of Life Guards closed the procession.

#### At Windsor.

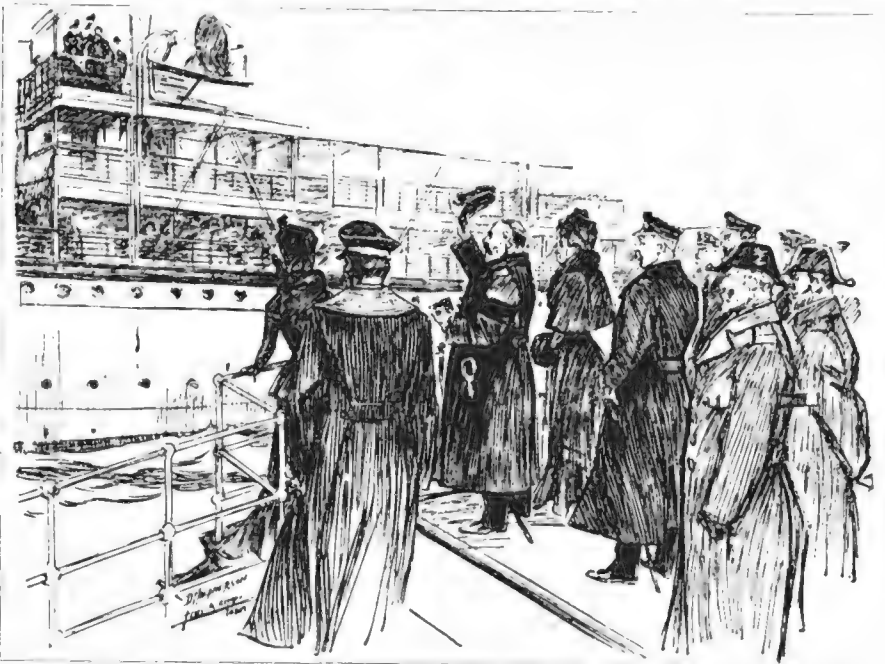
At Paddington the coffin was taken from the carriage, and placed in the waiting saloon of the Windsor train, with the same expedition that had been shown at Victoria. As the sad office was being performed, the bands once again played the Funeral March, and the King, the Emperor, and the Princes remained at the salute until the coffin had been placed upon the purple catafalque of its saloon. At Windsor, as in London, the streets were thronged, and packed with waiting people. The train arrived a little after twelve o'clock in the afternoon, and was received there by guards of honour of soldiers and bluejackets, as well as by officers of the Windsor Household. Some of the constituents of this waiting guard of honour were able to contribute to the expedition of the arrangements in a rather unexpected manner. The coffin was to be removed from the station to St. George's Chapel, again upon a gun carriage. But the long period of waiting had made the Artillery horses restless, and when the coffin had been placed upon its carriage one of them began to kick and rear dangerously. At a suggestion from the King, the bluejackets who formed the naval guard of honour were called upon. The entire team of horses was quickly removed, and the bluejackets turned the traces and chains of the harness into draw-ropes. These were fitted to the gun carriage, and so it came to pass that the sailors drew the precious burden from the station to the Chapel. The procession at Windsor differed in some respects from that which



The body of the Empress Frederick lying in state at Crossbow, August 11th.



crimson silk, stood in advance of the clergy of St. George's and the surpliced choir. As the great doors opened, and the coffin, poised on the shoulders of the straining Grenadier Guards, appeared, once again the funeral seemed to change in character. Outside the chapel, the cloaks which covered the uniforms had lent a sombre note to the display. Now the uniforms were unclanked. The procession of defiant colour made its way straight into the Choir, and when the doorway at last closed upon the stream, the whole space of the Nave was one glittering mosaic of gold and silver and precious stones, of scarlet and grey, and white and blue—a wondrous yet accidental harmony of colour. There remains but little more to be said of this unique ceremonial. The coffin, with the Gentleman-at-Arms, with reversed axes, hard by, was deposited on the purple bier which had been waiting for it, the pall and the insignia were laid reverently upon it again. The Lord Chamberlain of Her Majesty's Household (Earl Clarendon), with the Lord Steward (the Earl of Pembroke) at his right, and the Earl Marshal (the Duke of Norfolk) at his left, took his place at the foot of the coffin, and the mourners at the head. The 98th Psalm was sung to Felton's music, and the Bishop of Winchester and the aged Archbishop of Canterbury conducted the service. It was the sound, rather than the sight, that now drew the attention; the singing of "Man that is born of woman," to Wesley's setting, the Lord's Prayer, to that music of Gounod of which the Queen was a keen admirer in life, the clear voice of the Bishop of Winchester, the strong tones of the



The King's Send-off to the Royal Tourists: The Farewell to the Ophir from the Alberta in Portsmouth Harbour, March 16th.



The King's Toast to the Royal Tourists at the farewell luncheon on board the Ophir, March 16th.

Archbishop, the beautiful anthem, to the music of Tchaikowsky. Then came forward, at the foot of the coffin, Norroy Deputy Garter King-at-Arms, and in a clear voice pronounced his proclamation thus:—"Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God to take out of this transitory life unto His Divine mercy the late most high, most mighty, and most excellent Monarch Victoria, by the grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland Queen, Defender of the Faith, Empress of India, and Sovereign of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, let us humbly beseech Almighty God to bless with long life, health, and honour, and all worldly happiness, the most high, most mighty, and most excellent Monarch our Sovereign Lord Edward, now by the grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India, and Sovereign of the Most Noble Order of the Garter. God Save the King." That was the climax, and after it came an anthem, "Blessed are the departed" (Spohr), and the solemn Benediction by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who then, with his brother of York, advanced to the

Communion table and prayed in silence. This, with Beethoven's "Funeral March," the most thrilling of them all, was the end, although there were many who lingered in the Chapel for a long time.

#### Frogmore.

Thus closed the public funeral of the Queen, but there was yet the private funeral, in which the members of the family alone were to take part. Through Sunday the coffin lay in St. George's Chapel, watched by officers of the Guards; and on Sunday night the King and Queen and the German Emperor, and other members of the Royal Family, attended the private service there. On Monday the coffin was taken to Frogmore, where, in the mausoleum, the body of the Prince Consort lay. As before, the coffin was carried on the gun carriage, but the procession which accompanied it was greatly abbreviated in extent, though to some eyes it may have appeared to have increased in pathos. The whole route from the Long Walk was lined by Grenadier Guards; but from this point to Frogmore no member of the general public was admitted. It was only

a little procession which went along this lonely way. The King, the German Emperor, and the Duke of Connaught followed the coffin, as before, and Queen Alexandra, leading the procession of the Royal ladies, had with her little Prince Edward of York walking at her side. Inside the mausoleum where flowers and purple draperies almost hid the dimly-lit walls. In the middle of the mausoleum stands the sarcophagus of the Prince Consort, and by the side of this was a platform covered with purple cloth, upon which the coffin of Queen Victoria was to lie during the last obsequies. As the procession neared the mausoleum the music of the accompanying bands ceased, and, as at Osborne House the pipers had played a lament, so at Frogmore their plaintive music was the last that was heard before the coffin vanished within the doors. As it was carried in, preceded by the choir of St. George's Chapel, who were in waiting here, the anthem, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death," was sung. After Purcell's anthem, "Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts," the Bishop of Winchester read the solemn committal prayer. As he read it, Lord Edward Pelham Clinton, Master of the Household of Queen Victoria, came to the side of the sarcophagus into which the coffin was to be lowered, and cast upon it the earth which had been brought from the Holy Land. The Bishop of Winchester read, "I heard a voice from Heaven,"



The Departure of the Royal Tourists: The King and Queen returning to the Alberta after bidding good-bye to the Ophir, March 16th.

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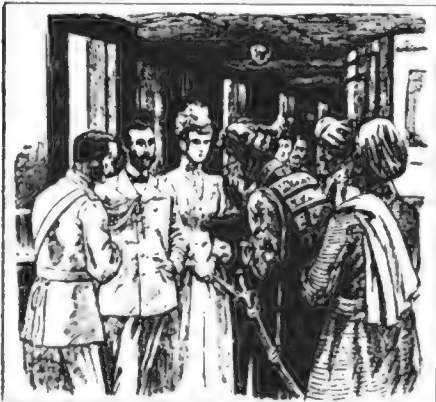


The Royal Tour: The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall at Malta, March 25th.

and, as on Saturday, the Lord's Prayer was sung to Gounod's music. After the prayer and the Collect, an anthem set to music by Sir Walter Parratt was sung. "The face of death is toward the sun of life." The selection of this anthem had a peculiar and touching appropriateness, since it was taken from the end of a poem written by Tennyson on the occasion of the death of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale. The Bishop of Winchester pronounced the Benediction, and the choir at the conclusion sang Stainer's "Sevenfold Amen." The service was at an end, and a few moments afterwards the mourners left the Chapel. A Royal salute was given a moment after on the departure of the King and the Emperor, and then the other Royal mourners followed, preserving the same order in which they had arrived.

#### Memorial Services.

Memorial services for the late Queen were held on the Saturday of the funeral in almost every



The Royal Tourists receiving the Sultan of Lahedj at Aden, April 5th.

cathedral, church, and other place of worship throughout the United Kingdom; and also in India, the Colonies, every place in foreign countries where there is a British church, as well as very generally in the United States. The suspension of public and private business which obtained throughout the Empire extended in some measure to the United States; and in foreign capitals, Sovereigns or members of their families attended the services in the English churches. In Calcutta, on the Saturday, the Hindus, to the number of 100,000, assembled in the open air, clad in white. Sacred hymns were sung. The Mohammedan mosques were crowded all day with mourners for the great White Queen; in Bombay all shops and places of business were closed; and native soldiers



"Crossing the Line" on the Ophir: The Duke of Cornwall at the Court of King Neptune, April 23rd.

watched all night, with arms reversed, round the statue of the Queen, at the base of which hundreds of wreaths were laid. In South Africa the progress of the war was for a moment arrested; in Peking a funeral ceremony was held in the Palace Yard, and was attended by detachments of all the allied



The Duke of Cornwall distributing prizes at Melbourne, May 13th.

armies. The wreaths and other tributes received at Osborne and Windsor were so numerous as to be almost bewildering. No one who had not the privilege of seeing them could form the slightest conception of their number or variety. From the whole world, from foreign Sovereigns, from the Colonies,



The Reception of Native Chiefs by the Royal Tourists at Cape Town: Khama delivering his Address, August 20th.

from America, from India, these tributes of sympathy poured in. No one could look upon them and read the inscriptions which they bore without being moved by this wonderful manifestation of honour and love.

#### THE NEW REIGN.

Meanwhile, through the cloud of mourning which hung over the Empire the rays of the rising sun were struggling with ever-increasing lustre. The



The Arrival of the Royal Tourists at Sydney, New South Wales, May 27th.

funeral rites were punctuated by imposing accession ceremonies, and the cries of "Long live the King!" alternated with the requiems for His



Reception of Indian Chiefs and Squaws by the Royal Tourists at Montreal, September 19th.

Majesty's illustrious mother. Twenty-four hours were not allowed to elapse before the formalities associated with the transmission of the Crown were commenced. The day following the Queen's death the King set out from Osborne for London to attend a meeting of the Privy Council at St. James's Palace. After a brief visit to Marlborough House, His Majesty, wearing the uniform of a Field-Marshal, and escorted by a detachment of Royal Horse Guards, drove in a dress carriage through a densely-packed crowd to St. James's Palace. Here His Majesty awaited the preliminary deliberations of the Council, in an apartment adjoining the Council Chamber. These deliberations were brief and formal. The Lord President, having made a statement

is breath in my body to work for the good and amelioration of my people. I have resolved to be known by the name of Edward, which has been borne by six of my ancestors. In doing so I do not undervalue the name of Albert, which I inherit from my ever-to-be-lamented, great, and wise father, who by universal consent is, I think deservedly,



The First Federal Cabinet of the Australian Commonwealth.

known by the name of Albert the Good, and I desire that his name should stand alone. In conclusion, I trust to Parliament and the nation to support me in the arduous duties which now devolve upon me by inheritance, and to which I am determined to devote my whole strength during the remainder of my life.

The Lord Chancellor then administered the oath to the King-Emperor, and the Lords in Council took the oath of allegiance and kissed hands. At the same time the terms of a proclamation announcing the accession of the King as "our only lawful and rightful Liege," were agreed upon, and the document was published in a special supplement to the "Gazette" the same evening.

#### Accession Ceremonies.

The following day the public reading of the Proclamation took place in London, and was the occasion for a brilliant and quaint ceremonial.

In the Quadrangle of St. James's Palace the Deputy Garter, in the presence of the Earl Marshal and the Commander-in-Chief, and surrounded by a splendid assembly of Court officials, Equerries, and other distinguished persons, declaimed the archaic formulary by which "all faith and constant obedience" was pledged to the seventh Edward. A fanfare of silver



Lord Hopkinton, first Governor-General of the Australian Commonwealth.



The Maori Demonstration before the Royal Tourists at Rotorua, New Zealand, June 14th.

trumpets, followed by "God Save the King," closed the function, and the officials concerned in it then proceeded to Temple Bar. Here, in presence of the civic dignitaries, the ceremony was repeated by Pursuivant Rouge Dragon. At the Royal Exchange the Proclamation was again read by Somerset Herald, and then at noon a military display took place in St. James's Park, and a salute of 101 guns was fired



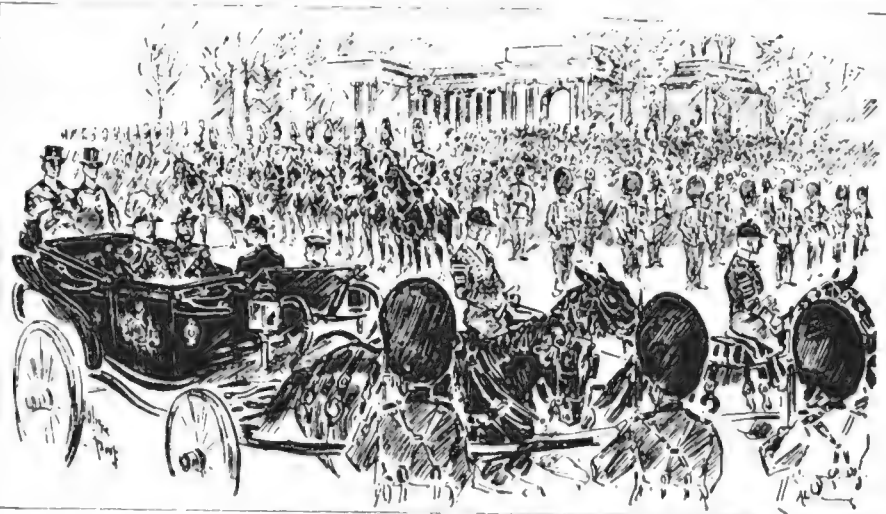
The Homecoming of the Royal Tourists: The Ophir's Arrival at Portsmouth, November 1st.





The Royal Reunion after the Tour of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall, November 1st.

in honour of the day. Meanwhile, throughout the country similar ceremonies and displays took place, each city and town contributing some variety from its local lore to lend additional quaintness and splendour to a formality which for sixty-four years had been unknown in Great Britain. The day, indeed, was almost a festival, the half-masting of flags being everywhere suspended until the accession ceremonies were over. Parliament, which had been specially summoned to swear allegiance, voted an address of condolence and congratulation to the King on the following day. Then came a succession of Royal messages to the various estates of the realm. Parliament, of course, came first. This was followed by messages to the Navy and Army, "to my People," to the Colonies, and to the Princes and People of India. Then for some weeks His Majesty was busily occupied in receiving deputations from public bodies—legislative, religious, professional, scientific, and benevolent—bearing addresses of mingled condolence and congratulation. Finally, special embassies, headed by the Duke of Abercorn, the Earl of Mount Edgumbe, Earl Carrington, and Viscount Wolseley, were equipped and despatched



The Return from the Royal Tour: The Duke of Cornwall with the King driving to Marlborough House on his arrival in London, November 2nd.



The Return of the Royal Tourists: The Presentation of the Colonial Address to the King at Victoria Station, November 2nd.

on a series of rounds of foreign Courts, to notify the accession of the King to his Royal and Imperial cousins. The reception accorded to these Embassies was everywhere made the occasion for a gratifying manifestation of goodwill to the new monarch and his people.

#### King Edward's First Parliament.

These ceremonies were, however, far from exhausting the inaugural business of the new reign. Two important Parliamentary measures became necessary, which may be conveniently noticed here. The first was the provision of a new Civil List, and the second a Royal Titles Bill, by which formal recognition was given to the Colonial sovereignty of the Crown. The introduction of these Bills was preceded by the opening of Parliament in person by the King. The ceremony was made the occasion for a brilliant and impressive spectacle. Being the first formal occasion on which the King had met his people since the funeral of his mother, the loyal enthusiasm of the populace which thronged the route of the splendid procession was able to manifest itself without restraint. The King and Queen drove from Buckingham Palace in a magnificent new State coach, drawn by eight cream-coloured horses, and escorted by a crowd of Royalties and the great officials of the Household. The reception accorded to their Majesties was an emphatic demonstration of the deep affection in which they are held, and of the great hopes which the nation has centred in

them. The scene in the House of Lords, where the ceremony was performed, was a fitting climax to the pageants by which a new chapter in English history was being opened. The gorgeous chamber was filled to overflowing with all that was greatest in the public life of the Empire, and the dazzling colours and flashing jewels, in their setting of noble Gothic architecture, formed a picture of which those who did not see it can form but an imperfect impression. The proceedings opened with the historic declaration against Popish doctrine which dates from the second Session of Charles II. Special interest centred in this portion of the ceremony, owing to the protests against it which had been drawn up and signed by the Roman Catholic Peers and episcopate, and forwarded by them to the Lord Chancellor. This declaration, however, was obligatory, and the King duly recited and signed it. Then came the Speech, which His Majesty read from the throne in clear and sonorous tones. It was an unusually lengthy document, but with one exception contained no announcement of special interest. The exception was a statement in regard to the projected visit of the Duke of Cornwall and York to Australia, to open the first Parliament of the new Commonwealth. The King announced that not only would the mission be persevered in—though "a separation from my son, especially at such a moment, cannot be otherwise than deeply painful"—but that it would be extended to New Zealand and the Dominion of

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Canada. The Speech also foreshadowed a comprehensive scheme of Army Reform, and provision for the Civil List on a scale suitable to the changed circumstances of the Crown and Court.

#### Civil List and Royal Titles.

Legislation in regard to the Civil List was initiated early in March by a message from the King addressed to his faithful Commons, which was at once referred to a Select Committee. On April 4th the Committee reported. Their proposals came as a pleasant surprise to the public. It had been generally assumed that owing to the cost of living having much increased since the Civil List of Her late Majesty was settled, and to the fact that the circumstances of the King's life differed widely from those of his lamented mother, a considerable increase would be necessary. The increase proposed was, however, very small, amounting only to £37,000, of which £25,000 was provisional. This estimate was arrived at through a careful overhauling of the Royal accounts, resulting in very substantial economies. None the less, ample provision was made for the Royal Family, the King and Queen receiving £110,000 for their Privy Purse, instead of £50,000, which was the amount under the previous reign, and the grant for the expenses of the Household being increased from £172,500 to £194,000. The



London's Welcome to Lord Roberts on his return from South Africa, January 2nd.

scheme commended itself to Parliament, and although it was opposed by a handful of members, led by Mr. Labouchere and reinforced by the Irish Nationalists, it was carried by an overwhelming majority. The alteration in the King's title occupied the attention of Parliament shortly after the final passing of the Civil List Bill. The question originated in a correspondence between Mr. Chamberlain and the Colonies, which took place almost immediately after the accession of the King. The suggestion was received with approval by the several Colonial Governments, and a variety of suggestions for amending the King's title were made by them. One was the addition to the existing titles of "Sovereign Lord, or King, of British Realms beyond the Sea"; another proposed "King of Canada, Australasia, and all the British Dominions beyond the Seas"; a third suggested simply "King of all the British Dominions beyond the Seas." Ultimately a Bill was drafted leaving the choice of title in the hands of the Sovereign, and this was passed by both Houses. Shortly afterwards it was announced that the King had selected the third of the above suggestions. The new title was officially given as "Edwardus VII. Dei gratia Britanniarum et terrarum transmarinarum quae in diuisione sunt Britannicae Rex, Fidei Defensor, Indis Imperator." With this measure the Accession formalities were practically terminated.

#### Death of the Empress Frederick.

The death of Queen Victoria was not the only severe bereavement suffered by the Royal Family during the past year. Mingled with the national mourning, and adding a tragic poignancy to it, was a profound anxiety for the life of Her Majesty's eldest daughter, the Empress Frederick of Germany, who as Princess Royal of Great Britain had won so large a place in the hearts of the British people. For months past rumour had been busy with gloomy accounts of her health, and it was known to the



Duke and Duchess of Cornwall on their way to Buckingham Palace for the King's inspection, February 10th.



The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall on their way to Buckingham Palace for the King's inspection, February 10th.

few that she was suffering from a painful and incurable malady. Her absence from her mother's death-bed, and from the funeral solemnities, confirmed the prevalent rumours, although they received but little support from official sources. Very shortly after his access on the King resolved to pay a visit to his sister, and on February 23rd he set out for Germany. At Frankfurt he was received with great cordiality by his nephew, the German Emperor, and together they proceeded to the Castle of Cronberg. The Empress Frederick was found to be in good spirits, and she was even able to meet her guests and household, and to go out in a bath chair accompanied by her brother. The King spent a quiet week at Cronberg, varied by visits to Homburg and other places of interest in the vicinity, being almost everywhere accompanied by the Emperor, whose affectionate attention to him knew no stint. On March 2nd he took farewell of his sister, and set out on the return home. For nearly four months more the condition of the Empress showed but little essential change, and her activity remained unabated. Early in July, however, she had a fainting fit, and from that time was unable to quit the castle. Three weeks later it was officially announced that her condition was grave. "The external disease," said the official bulletin, "from which her Majesty is suffering, and which has for years been slowly increasing, has in the course of the last few weeks extended to the internal organs." The Emperor at once cancelled all his engagements, and the family were summoned to Cronberg. Early in the morning of August 6th the Empress passed away quietly amid the profound mourning of the two Empires to which she belonged. Tributes were paid to her memory on a scale only comparable to those rendered to her illustrious mother. It was generally felt that a great Princess, one of the most notable personalities in the history of the nineteenth century, had disappeared. Never was a life



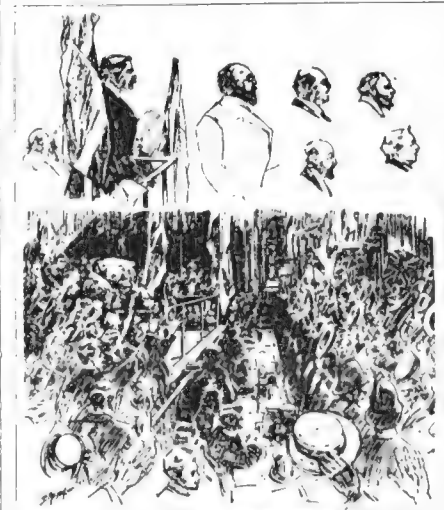
Lord Milner's Arrival in England for a Three Months' Holiday, May 24th.

more graced by culture, more intensely inspired by a high sense of duty and by noble ideals, than that of the Empress Frederick. She represented in Germany the Liberal traditions—the "sweetness and light" of latter-day politics—which had suffered so much through the policy of "blood and iron," and her masculine individuality divided with Prince Bismarck much of the interest of German history during the past forty years. Her remains were interred in the Royal and Imperial mausoleum at Potsdam, with all the imposing ceremony of the Prussian Court. They were followed to their last resting-place by King Edward and Queen Alexandra, together with the German Emperor and an imposing escort of German and foreign Princes. After the funeral the King went to Homburg for the cure, while the Queen proceeded to Copenhagen to join the annual family gathering of her Danish relatives. The King followed early in September, and was met at Fredensborg by the Tsar and Tsarina.

#### The Australian Commonwealth.

The sombre pall which death has thus been weaving over the Empire, and which has been carried far and wide into private homes by the war in South Africa, has been edged with a golden oriel of Imperial hope. Nothing has illustrated more strikingly the rich fruition of the Victorian epoch and the fidelity of its heirs to its great traditions than the Royal Colonial tour foreshadowed in the King's

Speech at the opening of Parliament. Originally limited to a mission to Australia to open the Commonwealth Parliament, the scheme gradually grew until it assumed the proportions of a Royal progress through almost all the dominions of the King beyond the seas. It was felt that the tour should give a sort of ceremonial expression to the sense of racial kinship and political unity which had found so remarkable an illustration in the military aid afforded by the Colonies in prosecuting the war in South Africa. The chief object of the tour still remained as before—the State opening of the first Parliament of the Australian Commonwealth, a sort of official baptism of the huge Federation which the statesmen of the Antipodes had at length brought to a successful issue. The Federation may be said to have been born on the first day of the year—auspicious enough the first day of the new century. The inauguration was preceded by the formation of a Federal Cabinet, under the Premiership of Mr. Barton. Then, on January 1st, came the inauguration ceremonies, which were celebrated with as much splendour as enthusiasm at Sydney. There was a great procession in the Centennial Park, a formal proclamation of the new Commonwealth, the induction of Lord Hopetoun into the office of Governor-General, and a brilliant banquet in the evening. In the course of the day two messages of pathetic interest were received from Queen Victoria. They were the last important State documents associated with her name. The first came



The City's Great War Demonstration at the Guildhall, July 10th.

direct from Her Majesty to Lord Hopetoun, and was in the following terms—

Accept my heart-felt congratulations for the New Year and for the welfare of my new Australian Commonwealth.

The second was more formal, and was transmitted by Mr. Chamberlain to Lord Hopetoun—

The Queen commands me to express through you to the people of Australia Her Majesty's heart-felt interest in the inauguration of the Commonwealth, and her earnest wish that, under Divine Providence, it may ensure the increased prosperity and well-being of her loyal and beloved subjects in Australia.

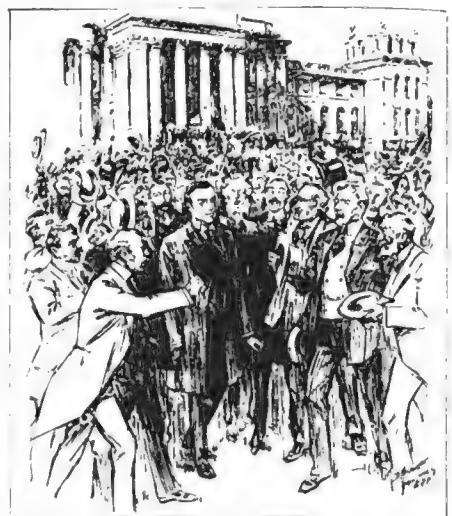
On their own behalf the Imperial Government sent an eloquent message of greeting to the new Commonwealth, recognising "in the long-desired consummation of the hopes of patriotic Australians a further step in the direction of the permanent unity of the British Empire." The festivities were continued for several days, and were repeated on a smaller scale in Melbourne, Adelaide, Brisbane, and Hobart.

#### The Royal Tour.

The opening of the first Commonwealth Parliament was fixed for May 9th. In accordance with the announcement in the King's Speech, preparations were now actively in progress for the departure of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall. The Ophir was chartered to carry the Royal party; a brilliant retinue was appointed, and an imposing naval escort organised. The final plan of the tour showed that it would be of a most comprehensive character, and that it would occupy the larger part



The Homecoming of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall, July 26th.



The Reception of Mr. Chamberlain at the Unionist Demonstration at Blenheim, August 10th.

of the year. On March 16th the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall started from Portsmouth. The send-off was on a scale commensurate with the importance of the mission. The King and Queen accompanied their son and daughter-in-law to Portsmouth, and after a farewell luncheon on board the Ophir, accompanied the escort in the Alberta as far as the Nab Lightship, whence they signalled their farewells. On the way to Melbourne the Royal party touched at Gibraltar, Malta, Port Said, Aden, Colombo, and Singapore. At each of these places they received enthusiastic receptions, the visits being regarded not as stepping stones to the Australian mission but as separate links in a chain of Imperial demonstrations. The weather throughout was excellent, and the voyage proved very enjoyable. At the desire of the Duke, the crossing of the line was celebrated by the whole squadron in accordance with the ancient custom of the service. The Ophir was duly visited by Father Neptune, Amphitrite, and a large following of sea-dogs and bears, and the Duke himself good humouredly underwent the ducking ceremony. On the last day of April the Ophir arrived at Albany in advance of its escort, and five days later the batteries at Mornington announced its appearance off Melbourne. The next day the Duke and Duchess landed amid a magnificent popular demonstration. The streets through which the Royal party proceeded to Government House were packed with a tremendous gathering of loyal Colonists. The Governor-General, the Governors of Queensland and South Australia, the Lieutenant-Governors of Victoria, New South Wales, Tasmania, and South Australia, and all the Federal Ministers and Australian Premiers were present. The city was magnificently decorated, and the harbour was filled with vessels sent from various



Dr. Krause, late Governor of Johannesburg, charged at Bow Street with High Treason.

foreign countries to join the Imperial Squadron in the celebrations. In the interval between the arrival of the Duke and the opening of Parliament Melbourne made high holiday. The Duke held a levee and received a number of loyal addresses from all sections of the people. There were military and naval reviews, serenades, illuminations, conversations, banquets, and torchlight processions.

#### The First Commonwealth Parliament.

At length the great day arrived. On Thursday, May 9th, the first Commonwealth Parliament was opened with all the old-world ceremonies which have been consecrated by the hoary traditions of the aged Mother of Parliaments. The setting, however, was essentially modern. The site chosen for the

historic ceremony was not a Parliament building, but the vast cruciform auditorium of the Melbourne Exhibition Palace. Here seating accommodation was provided for 10,000 nobilities. The Royal dais was erected under the dome, and the whole was brilliantly decorated with flowers and greenery, flags, trophies, and multi-coloured festoons. Over the dais four gigantic Royal Standards waved from the



Sir Redvers Buller, Relieved of his command in October.





The Special Mouthish Ambassador to England.

four corners of the dome. At noon the Duke and Duchess arrived amid a fanfare of trumpets, and at the head of a distinguished procession. Prayers, followed by the Royal Commission, were then read, and then, in an address of considerable length, the Duke of Cornwall and York declared the Parliament open. Towards the end of the address he read the following message from the King:—

My thoughts are with you on this auspicious occasion. I wish the Commonwealth of Australia every happiness and prosperity. The oath of allegiance was then taken by the members of the two Houses, the Hallelujah Chorus was played by the great orchestra, "Rule, Britannia," and "God Save the King" followed, and then, amid a fresh blast of trumpets, the Duke and Duchess retired from the dais. Thus ended the solemn and impressive baptismal ceremony by which a new Anglo-Saxon Empire was inaugurated in the Southern Seas. Throughout the world it created a deep impression. It was a fresh and striking testimony of the loyalty and vitality of the great Colonial dependencies of the British Crown—a signal proof that the new Imperial spirit was something more than mere jingo heroics, and that the future of the Empire was still filled with possibilities as splendid as the traditions on which it was founded.

#### The Tour Resumed.

After ceremonial visits to Brisbane and Sydney, and a number of pleasant excursions to other places of interest up country, the Duke and Duchess bade a temporary farewell to the Commonwealth, and on June 6th resumed their Imperial progress. New Zealand was the next Colony to be visited. Here the warmth of the reception accorded



Earl Russell pleading "Guilty" to the Charge of Bigamy at the State Trial in the Palace of Westminster, July 18th.

to the Royal tourists was in no respect inferior to that experienced by them in Victoria and New South Wales. The landing at Auckland was an imposing ceremony, in which all the chief authorities in the Colony and an immense concourse of people participated. Not less enthusiastic was the welcome given to the Duke and Duchess at Rotorua, Wellington, Christchurch, and Dunedin. At Rotorua there was a wonderful demonstration by the Maoris, as picturesque as it was enthusiastic. Leaving New Zealand on June 27th, the Duke and Duchess returned to the Australian continent, and visited in succession Hobart, Adelaide, Perth, and Fremantle. The next great Colonies to be visited were those of South Africa. On the way the Royal party called at Mauritius, where they spent four days amid a round of loyal festivities. The festivities in South Africa showed that in spite of the trials and anxieties of the war, which were now complicated by an outbreak of



Addressing the Press: Earl Russell at the Bar during the State Trial in the Palace of Westminster.

plague, the loyal ardour and hopefulness of the people, both white and black, were unabated. Although the interior was one huge battlefield, the scene of a grim tragedy, the coast at once burst out into decorations and made high holiday to welcome the heir to the Throne. In Natal the festivities went far beyond the coast. The Duke and Duchess visited Pietermaritzburg, as well as Durban, and received from the Zulu chiefs a reception as cordial as that experienced at the hands of the white population. On August 18th the Ophir with its Royal freight appeared in Simon's Bay, and on the following day the Duke and Duchess made their entry into Cape Town. They were received with the heartiest acclamation, and held a levée at which ninety-five loyal addresses were presented by the municipalities of the Colonies. There was also a great reception of native chiefs. After a stay of five days in Cape Town the Royal party left for the

with an enormous crowd, and at night the principal thoroughfares were brilliantly illuminated. This was the occasion that the King chose to announce his new title "Of the British Dominions beyond the Seas King." Four days later, on the occasion of His Majesty's birthday, the Duke of Cornwall was created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester. Finally, in the first week of December, the Prince and Princess visited the City of London to receive the congratulations of the Lord Mayor and Corporation. Once more they were the objects of gigantic demonstrations of loyalty. They drove from Pall Mall to Guildhall and a veritable tornado of lusty cheers. In the Guildhall itself was assembled a distinguished and brilliant company, including, besides all the civic dignitaries, the chief members of the Cabinet and the leaders of the Opposition. To the great delight of the nation the Prince delivered a remarkably interesting and statesmanlike speech, in which he summed up the impressions he had received from his great journey. He dwelt in eloquent terms on the reality of the loyalty of the Colonies and the intensity of the affection with which they regarded the Mother Country and the Empire. He urged the necessity of a more energetic and systematic colonisation, and he impressed upon his hearers that

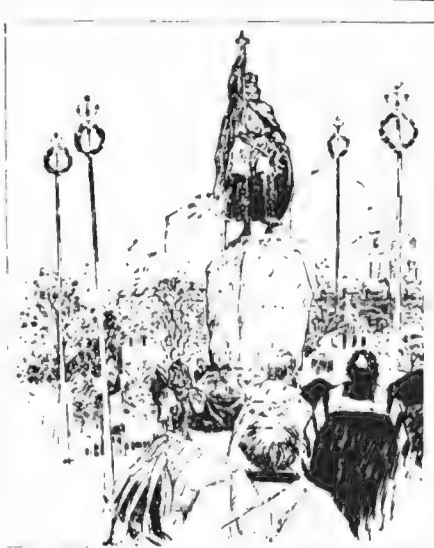


The Charge of Bigamy against Earl Russell: Lord Halsbury breaking his staff of office as Lord High Steward at the end of the State Trial, July 18th.

"the old country must wake up if she intended to maintain her old position of pre-eminence in Colonial trade against foreign competition." Speeches were also delivered by Lord Salisbury, Lord Rosebery, and Mr. Chamberlain, in which an eloquent tribute was paid to the value of the work accomplished by the Duke and Duchess, and the intelligence, tact, and grace with which it had been performed.

#### THE WAR; ROBERTS AND MILNER.

We have now to turn to the war in South Africa. At the beginning of the year the guerilla tactics of the Boers had become general, and it was clear that Lord Kitchener's task would be on a far larger and more difficult scale than had been anticipated. The idea that he had only to "clear up" after Lord Roberts had to be quickly abandoned. The war, so far as large military operations were concerned, was, as Lord Roberts had said, over; but the new tactics of the enemy were more formidable than the former regular operations, inasmuch as they were far better adapted to the tastes, qualities, and experience of the semi-nomad Dutch hunters and farmers. The year opened with a succession of small disasters to the British arms, due chiefly to the fact that the full gravity of the new problem had not been grasped, and no adequate measures had been taken to adapt the dispositions of Lord Kitchener's army to the conditions of the new campaign. A long, tedious, and bloody struggle now



Lord Rosebery unveiling the King Alfred Statue at Winchester, September 24th.

confronted the country; but, disappointing though the realisation of this fact was, it did not find the resolution of Englishmen in the slightest degree relaxed. The spirit in which the sacrifices required by the war were met was illustrated by the enthusiasm with which Lord Roberts was received on his return to England, and by the reception accorded a few months later to Sir Alfred Milner when he came home for a short holiday. Lord Roberts arrived in England in the first week of the new year, and was at once received by the Queen, who conferred an earldom upon him. He also received the much-coveted honour of the Garter, and the German Emperor awarded him the Order of the Black Eagle, the highest decoration in the German Army. Parliament also voted him a grant of £100,000. Still more striking, as manifesting the attachment of the nation to the policy of the war, was the welcome given to Sir Alfred Milner when he arrived in England towards the end of May. He was received by



The Trial of Bennett for the Yarmouth Murder at the Old Bailey: Mr. Marshall Hall's speech for the Defence, March 1st.

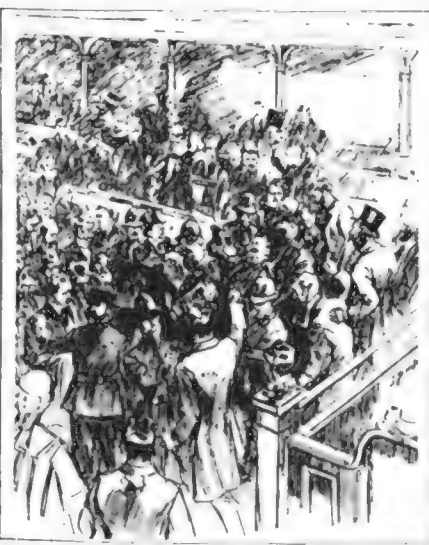
the King and created a peer, was entertained at a banquet presided over by Mr. Chamberlain, was given the freedom of the City of London, and was acclaimed everywhere by the people with the most cordial demonstrations of approval and confidence. At first it was imagined by the pro-Boers, especially on the Continent, that Lord Milner's homecoming was permanent, and that it was intended to mark a reversal of policy in South Africa. This idea was soon shown to be unfounded. When his health was recruited, the High Commissioner returned to South Africa and took up his headquarters at Pretoria.

#### De Wet's Fiasco in Cape Colony.

Meanwhile the military situation had become distinctly gloomier. The increasing discontent among the Dutch of Cape Colony had suggested to the Boer leaders an enlargement of the theatre of the

#### The Homcoming.

Thus ended the most remarkable Royal progress of which history has any record. From beginning to end it was one colossal success. It had tested the loyalty of nearly every part of the Empire, and had found it even more intense and abundant than the wildest Imperialists had imagined. Everywhere the links of sentiment binding the Empire together were found not only sound and strong, but hopeful of even greater things in the way of a more material knitting together of the Colonies and the Parent Land. The pride and satisfaction of the Mother Country were unbounded, and when the Duke and Duchess arrived home they were the heroes of the hour. Suitable expression was given to the popular enthusiasm in the ceremonies arranged for the welcome of their Royal Highnesses. On the way across the Atlantic the Ophir and her escort were received by the Channel Squadron and conveyed by it to Portsmouth. Here a great naval pageant was organised, and the King and Queen, with a brilliant retinue, welcomed the Royal travellers. There was a state banquet on the Victoria and Albert in the evening, and the following day the Duke and Duchess set out for London under the care of the King and Queen. In the capital their welcome was as hearty as it was magnificent. The day was virtually a public holiday. The streets from Victoria to Marlborough House were gaily decorated and packed



The Nationalist Riot in the House of Commons: The Police removing the unruly Irishmen, March 6th.



The Execution of Anti-Foreign Officials in Peking, February 24th.





The New Amir of Afghanistan.



The Amir of Afghanistan. Died October 3rd.

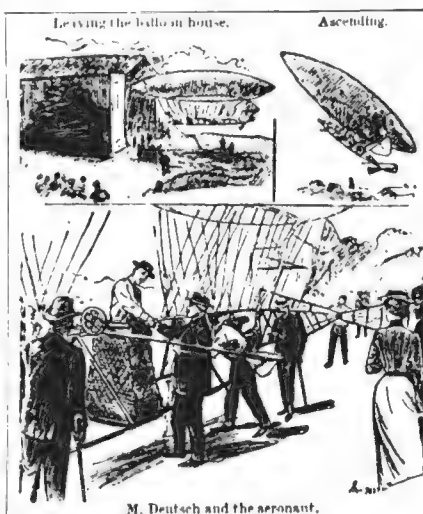
war. An invasion of the Colony seemed to promise them a large number of valuable recruits, the while, by enlarging the field of operations, it increased the difficulties of Lord Kitchener. But in order to appeal to the enthusiasm of the disaffected Colonial Dutch it was necessary that the invasion should be conducted by some personage of importance. Accordingly it was resolved that the redoubtable De Wet should undertake the enterprise. To prepare the way for him two large bodies of Boers under Hertzog and Krizinger crossed the Orange River towards the end of 1900. By splitting up into small bands they rapidly covered an immense area of the Colony, Hertzog pushing as far as the sea-coast in the Clanwilliam district, and Krizinger penetrating the Midlands down to Willowmore. Both commanders pursued elusive tactics, sitting in and out of the mountains, avoiding large bodies of British troops, and swooping down on small picquets and patrols. The result of their operations was to accentuate the excitement and expectancy of the Colonial farmers. By the end of January all was ready for De Wet's foray. On February 11th, at the head of 2,000 men, with two 15-pounders, one pom-pom, and one Maxim, he forded the Orange River at Zand Drift. The seriousness of the situation had, however, been fully realised by Lord Kitchener, and the most effective measures for dealing with it had been taken. Lord Kitchener himself proceeded to De Aar to see that these measures were

placed near the railway lines, where they could be more easily fed. Finally the areas under incontestable British control were protected by chains of blockhouses, which were extended and pushed forward as the country became more and more reclaimed. While these difficult and tedious operations were in progress large bodies of mounted troops were organised to sweep the country from end to end. For this purpose reinforcements of 35,000 horsemen were sent out to South Africa before the end of April. Slowly but surely these plans began to tell, and although Botha in the east and Delarey in the west managed now and then to secure a



Indian and Russian Sentries guarding the disputed Railway Siding at Tientsin, March 13th.

success, the weekly records of captures by the British showed that the work of attrition was making inexorable progress. In July a surprise visit paid by Broadwood with a small British column to the town of Reitz resulted in the capture of nearly every member of the late Government of the Free State. Ex-President Steyn alone escaped. In September General Botha, after elaborate preparations, made a dash to invade Natal, but was driven back with very heavy loss. In Cape Colony the guerrilla war did not cease with the discomfiture of De Wet, and for a time Krizinger made for himself a reputation which threatened to rival that of his elusive



M. Santos-Dumont and the airship in which he rounded the Eiffel Tower, October 19th.

were interned in the Concentration Camps, and 11,000 had been accounted for by casualties. During the last month these figures have been enormously increased. Further lines of blockhouses have sprung up, and the Boers, forced more and more within restricted areas, have suffered reverse after reverse. Within the protected region, which includes Pretoria, Johannesburg, the Witwatersrand, and an immense extent of country on each side of the railway southward, civil life is now actively asserting itself. The gold mines are beginning to work again, trade has made long strides, and the new British Colonies already produce a very respectable revenue.

#### The Concentration Camps.

One of the most difficult problems with which Lord Kitchener has had to deal—a problem which has caused the deepest anxiety to the whole country

seriously complain. Under any circumstances their sufferings would have been more severe had the usual military practice of leaving them to their fate been followed. In July the population of the camps was stated to be 95,940, exclusive of 21,457 coloured refugees in separate camps. The high death-rate has continued throughout the year, but the efforts to diminish it, and at the same time to render the lot of the refugees comfortable, have not been relaxed. Schools have been established for the children, and the rations supplied have been far better than those given to the British Army. Measures are now being taken to break up the most insanitary of the camps, and to transfer the inmates to new refuges on the sea-coast. It is doubtful, however, whether this will result in a very large diminution of the death-rate, as, apart from the primitive and insanitary customs of the Boers, their inability to adapt themselves to a sort of urban life renders them an easy prey to diseases of any kind in the camps.

#### Efforts for Peace.

Although it would be inhuman to regret the efforts that have been made on behalf of the Boer women and children, there can be no question but that they have helped materially to prolong the war. Before the Refugee Camps were established there was a strong desire for peace, not only among the surrendered burghers, but also on the side of those who

still held the field. As early as February last this desire manifested itself, with the result that a meeting between Lord Kitchener and General Botha took place at Middelburg, and formal negotiations for a settlement were initiated. With the consent of the Imperial Government generous terms were offered to the Boers, and these terms, although based on annexation, were discussed at length and not unsympathetically by General Botha. In the



Joseph Musolino, Brigand, captured in October.

end, however, the Boer General declined the British offers without giving any reasons. His explanations, which were subsequently given in a proclamation to the burghers, alleged that annexation was the stumbling block, although the official accounts of the Middelburg negotiations do not bear out this view. Three months later the Boer leaders again manifested a desire for peace. General Botha asked for leave to send two envoys to Mr. Kruger to lay before him the condition of the country and the Boer cause. Leave was given by Lord Kitchener to send a private telegram, and when the reply was received a meeting took place between Botha, De Wet, Delarey, and the two so-called Republican Governments to consider it. The upshot of the meeting was that it was resolved to continue the struggle to the end unless independence could be obtained for the two Republics and an amnesty secured for the Cape rebels. It was in connection with this conference that the effects of the Refugee Camps in prolonging the war became clear. Mr. Kruger's reply to the telegram of the Boers in the field was that he still had hopes of European intervention, and that, seeing that the Boer women and children were being cared for, the burghers had no reason to be discouraged or to think of surrender. The sufferings of the burghers, however, were not endured altogether without murmuring. Among the papers seized when the Orange Free State Government were captured at Reitz was a correspondence between the Transvaal Executive and Mr. Steyn, in which the former urged that their cause was hopeless, and that the time for acquiescing in the inevitable had arrived. These representations were strongly contested by Mr. Steyn, and it seems to have been chiefly due to his intransigence that the struggle was continued. Despairing of arriving at a settlement by negotiation, the British Government issued in August a strong proclamation threatening all Boer leaders with banishment in the event of their not surrendering by September 15th. The proclamation produced no effect, although, in accordance with its terms, a large number of Boer officers have already been sentenced to exile. During the last few weeks the talk of peace has again been revived, chiefly owing to the severe disasters suffered by the Boers and to the representations of foreign Powers that, inasmuch as intervention is out of the question, Mr. Kruger would be well advised to try to come to terms without insisting on independence for the annexed Republics. It is understood that Mr. Kruger and his advisers have referred the question to the Boer leaders in the field. Before



The Presentation of a Sword of Honour and the Freedom of the City to Sir James Willecks at the Guildhall, July 11th.

properly carried out. De Wet was allowed to come some distance southward, and then he was taken in hand by a number of mobile columns, which gave him a buffetting such as he had never expected. Turn where he might he found himself headed off. Plumer relieved him of some of his ammunition wagons and a Maxim, and the Australian Bushmen took all his remaining wagons and reserve ammunition. A few days later Plumer came up with him again and took one of the 15-pounders, the pom-pom, and a hundred prisoners. De Wet was now as anxious to get out of Cape Colony as he had been to get into it. Unfortunately for him the Orange River had risen, and he had to fight a series of desperate rearguard actions while trying to find a ford. At last there was a drop in the flood, and De Wet threw himself across the river and escaped to his own country. On the day of his escape he lost the last of his guns and a large number of men, his following consisting of only a few bedraggled, dispirited, and half-naked horsemen.

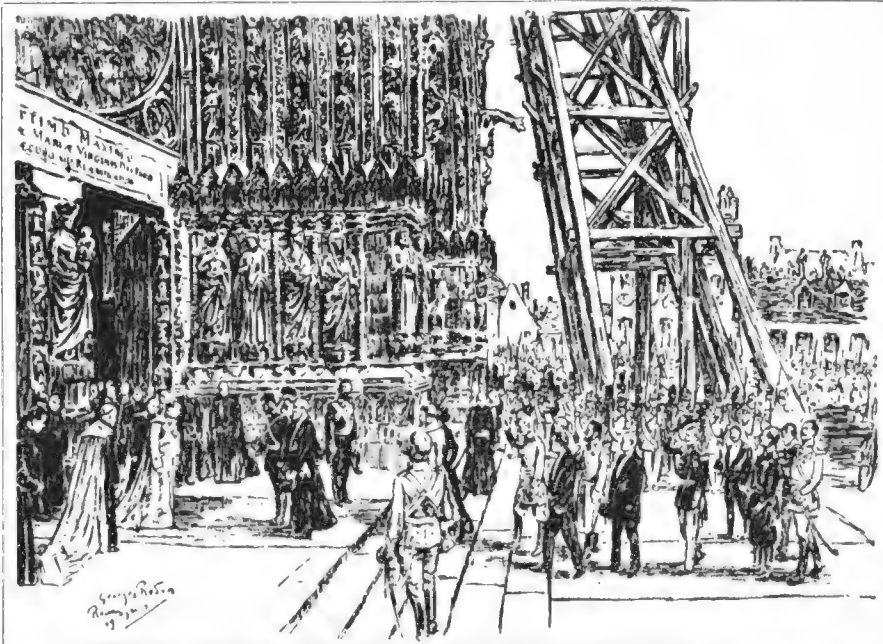
#### The General Operations.

In the Transvaal and the Orange Free State the war was waged during the first few months of the year with varying fortune on both sides. Lord

Kitchener's plans for dealing with the guerrillas were not yet matured, and they involved a mass of hard organising work for which time was required. The idea was in the first place to devastate the country, and thus deprive the enemy of supplies. In the next place a greater concentration was ordered. Garrisons of outlying towns were withdrawn, and the population moved from the farms and hamlets were

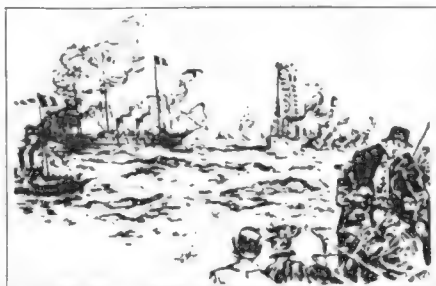


Arald Pasha.



The Tzar and Tzaritsa in France: The visit to Rheims Cathedral, September 12th.

chief. The rapidity with which he moved enabled him to score a considerable number of small successes. Eventually Lord Kitchener resolved to hand over the Colonial problem to General French, who thereupon undertook a systematic campaign against the raiding commands. Within a few weeks the main portion of the Colony was cleared, and Krizinger and Scheepers were prisoners. Except in the rugged and thinly-populated west, and a very small corner in the north-east, where the remnants of the invading commands are hiding in kloofs and



The French Naval Review before the Tzar at Dunkirk, September 13th.

dongas, Cape Colony has been once more reclaimed from the theatre of war. In a speech delivered by Mr. Brodrick on November 13th the following summary of the results achieved by Lord Kitchener during the year was given: By the blockhouse system a tract of country 32,000 square miles in extent had been completely pacified and shut out from the enemy; the railways had ceased to be in any sort of danger; 42,000 fighting Boers were prisoners or

—has been the treatment of Boer non-combatants. In all previous wars this question has been exclusively the care of the side to which the non-combatants belonged. As, however, the Boers, for reasons which were not difficult to fathom, declined to take charge of their women and children, and as their destitute and unprotected condition was the direct result of the devastation policy which had been forced on the British by the guerrilla tactics of the enemy, Lord Kitchener and his advisers resolved, in a spirit of the best humanity, to make provision for them. Accordingly large refugee camps were established in various districts within the blockhouse-protected areas, and every possible measure was adopted to render the lives of the inmates agreeable. So completely was this recognised that the Boer women and children flocked to the camps, while Boer commands, which had for a time burdened themselves with trains of non-combatants, now sent them in to the refugee camps to be taken care of. The responsibility thus assumed by the British turned out to be of a most onerous kind. The camps, being in the first place of a rough-and-ready order, were not in the most healthful state, and their effects on the inmates, who were unaccustomed to being crowded together, and who moreover were already suffering from want and disease, was deplorable. Every effort was made to improve the accommodation, and to provide medical comforts, but in vain. The Boer children withered away in their unaccustomed surroundings, and a terrible mortality ensued. Bad as was the condition of the camps, their alleged horrors were seized upon by pro-Boers at home and abroad, and deliberately exaggerated, with the object of bringing censure on the British policy in South Africa. Mrs. Hobhouse, who visited the camps and published a report on them, willingly lent herself to this disingenuous agitation, although curiously enough the Boer inmates themselves did not

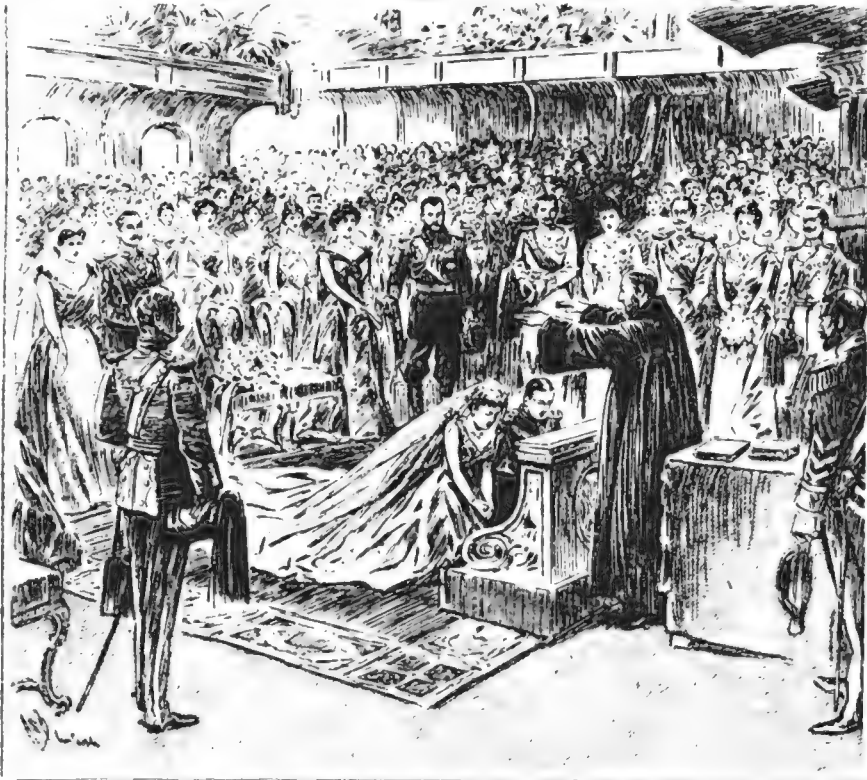


Prince Henry of the Netherlands.



Queen Wilhelmina of Holland.





The Marriage of the Queen of Holland and Duke Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin: The Religious Ceremony in the Grootte Kerke at The Hague, February 7th.

taking this step the Boer delegates made an effort to obtain the mediation of The Hague Arbitral Tribunal. The application was based on a complete misapprehension of the status and powers of the tribunal, and it was consequently rejected.

#### By-Products of the War.

The havoc wrought by the South African War has not been



President McKinley, died September 14th.

confined to the theatre of military operations. Its vibrations have been felt with disastrous effect in the field of domestic politics at home, and it has also been a source of no little heat and anxiety in the domain of international politics. From the very beginning of the war a disintegrating influence was exercised by it on the Liberal party in Great Britain. During the past year this disintegration has taken a serious shape, and if no formal split has as yet taken place, an anarchy has been produced which has reduced the party to absolute impotence so far as its primary duties as an Opposition are concerned. The first signs of an active divergence of opinion appeared in connection with the atrocity campaign started by the extreme pro-Boers. The policy of devastation in South Africa, the Concentration Camps and Miss Hobhouse's re-



Seizing Czolgosz after the Shooting of President McKinley at the Buffalo Exhibition, September 6th

lations were worked for all they were worth by the Little Englanders, and it was hoped by their means to create an impression similar to that produced by Mr. Gladstone when he aroused the indignation of the country against the Bulgarian atrocities of the Turks. For a time Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman managed, by means of judicious ambiguities, to keep the party free in an official sense from the extreme views of both sections. On June 14th, however, he definitely embraced the cause of the pro-Boers at a dinner given by the



Leon Czolgosz, who assassinated President McKinley.



Aguinaldo, Philippine Leader, captured March 23rd.

National Reform Union, which was attended by Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Morley, and other opponents of the war. The Liberal leader denounced the war as being conducted by "methods of barbarism," and Mr. Morley broadly hinted that all Liberals who did not share the views expressed on that occasion would be excommunicated. The challenge thus thrown down to the Imperialist section of the Liberal party was



Admiral Schley before the Schley Court of Inquiry at Washington, September

promptly taken up by Mr. Asquith, and three days later his adherents voted with the Government on a debate in the House of Commons on the Concentration Camps. Later on it was announced that a public dinner would be given to Mr. Asquith by the Imperialists, and this seemed to foreshadow a complete split. In the meantime strong efforts to maintain the apparent unity of the party were made, and at a meeting held at the Reform Club in July a vote of confidence in Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was carried on the understanding that every member of the Liberal party should be entitled to think and speak as he chose. The result of this "latchkey compromise," as it was called, was that the Asquith dinner passed off without any sensational incidents beyond the proof it afforded that the



The Rescue of the Passengers from the Wreck of the Russia at Paraman, January 11th

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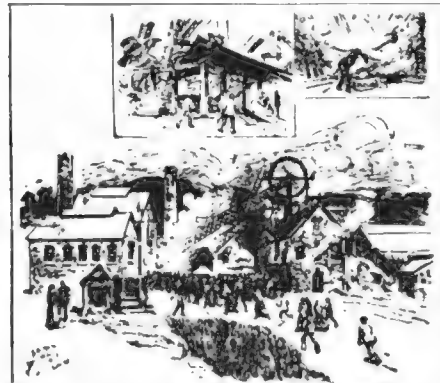
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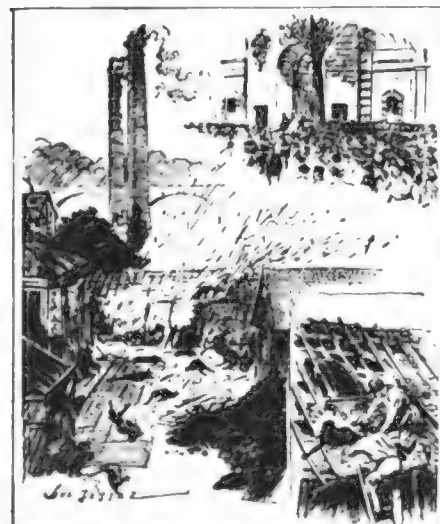
The Great Fire at Andover, April 9th.

Liberal Imperialists enjoyed a large measure of support in the country. The new basis of the Liberal party proved, as might have been expected, altogether impracticable, and an era of internecine squabbling was opened. The Liberal Imperialists became organised into a League, with Sir Edward Grey as chairman and Lord Rosebery as an honorary member. On December 16th Lord Rosebery delivered a great speech at Chesterfield, in which he laid down a programme for a reconstituted Liberal party. This programme was chiefly a denunciation of the pro-Boer programme adopted by the Liberal Federation at Derby a fortnight before. The great importance of Lord Rosebery's speech consisted in his statement that his services were at the disposal of his country, and that what he could do to carry out his programme he would do. This was interpreted as an offer to resume his leadership of the Liberal party. It was received with marked though varying degrees of sympathy by all sections



The Disaster at the Senghenydd Colliery, Wales, May 21st.

of the wearied and distracted party, but so far nothing has come of it. Among the smaller scandals which resulted from the war were two relating to the question of Army reform, which created a good deal of sensation and applied fresh fuel to the acerbity of the party warfare. One was a debate in the House of Lords, in the course of which Lord Lansdowne reviewed the tenure of the command-in-chief of the Army by Lord Wolseley with considerable severity. The debate gave rise to several disagreeable revelations. The other grew out of the appointment of General Sir Redvers Buller to the command of the First Army Corps. This appointment was severely criticised in certain quarters on the ground that General Buller's conduct in South Africa disqualified him from holding so high a command. General Buller replied to his critics in a speech which created a very painful impression. The War Office called upon him for explanations, and on his refusing to supply them relieved him of his command. A noisy attempt was made by the extreme pro-Boers to use General Buller as a stalk-

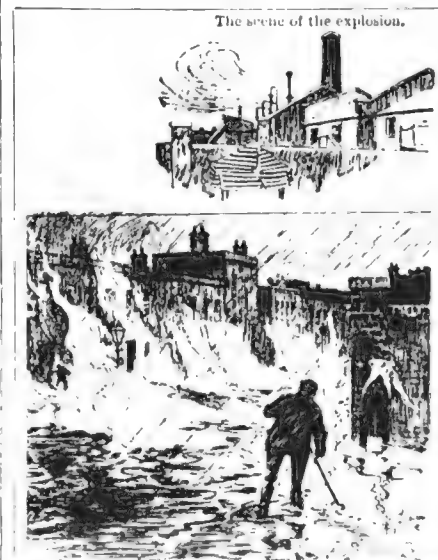


The Explosion at the Cartridge Factory at Isny, near Paris, June 18th.

ing horse for their agitation against the Ministry. It found, however, no countenance in any responsible quarter, and speedily collapsed.

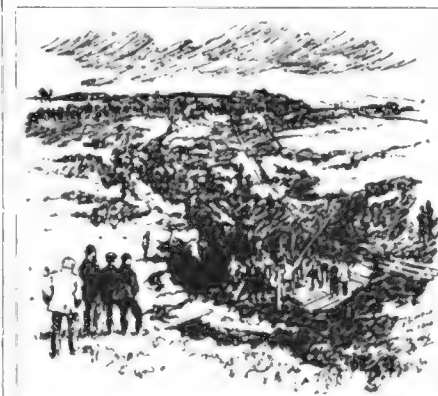
#### FOREIGN.

However violent were the home-made varieties of the pro-Boer, their extravagances were completely eclipsed by their foreign sympathisers. The campaign against Great Britain on the Continent has been maintained throughout the year with extreme virulence, and all sorts of appeals have been made to the various Governments to intervene in the South African war. Taking their cue from the atrocity-mongers in England, the foreign pro-Boers have flooded the country with the most shameful calumnies of the British Army—"foul and filthy lies," Sir Edward Grey called them in a vigorous speech delivered during the autumn. The anger of the Continental Anglophiles, especially those of Germany, was aggravated by a casual passage in a speech delivered by Mr. Chamberlain, in which a



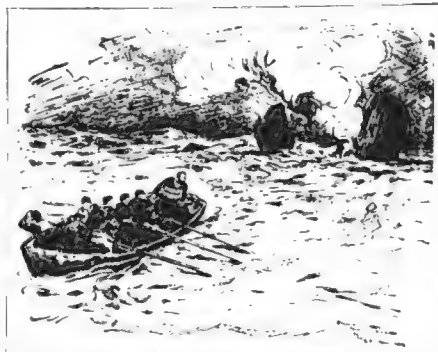
The Street Fire after the Naphtha Explosion at Hackney, July 28th.

mild comparison was made between the conduct of the British Army in South Africa and that of the Germans in France in 1870. No slur whatever was cast upon the German Army, but artfully perverted versions of the speech were published, in which Mr. Chamberlain was made to impute atrocities to the German Army. The result was a noisy agitation, which at one moment threatened to assume proportions perilous to the public peace. Thanks very largely to the correct attitude of the German Government, the danger passed away. This excited state of the public mind abroad has necessitated considerable caution in our formal relations with foreign Governments. The year, has, however, passed without any serious crisis, and without any of those "graceful surrenders" which appeared in the record of the previous year. In Morocco and



The Disaster at Donibristle Mine, Fifeshire, August 26th.

the Persian Gulf there have been ugly manifestations of movements against British interests, but they have passed away without leading to any serious incident. A dispute between Morocco and France led to the despatch of a Moorish mission to the Courts of Europe. Ultimately the two countries came to terms with regard to the Southern frontier of Morocco and Algeria. In the Persian Gulf an effort of the Sultan of Turkey to establish his authority over the Sheikh of Kuwait has been vigorously resisted by Great Britain. The Sultan, it is believed, was acting at the instigation of a European Power who was anxious to secure the control of the valuable harbour at Kuwait. So far, his efforts have not succeeded. Russian activity has been largely limited by the necessity of concentrating all her attention on the Chinese crisis. The appearance of a Tibetan mission in St. Petersburg in July showed, however, that intrigues in Central Asia were by no means abandoned. The only important concession made to a foreign Power during the year has been the cancellation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty at the desire of the United States. The concession, however, is one which in no way injures British interests. Under our new treaty the United States fully guarantees the neutrality of the Isthmian Canal she proposes to construct, and this is all that British diplomacy



The Wreck of the Cobra, with a loss of twenty-seven lives, in the North Sea, September 18th.

with regard to that project has sought to secure. The concession has, moreover, helped very considerably to cement the friendly relations of the two Powers.

#### The International Situation.

Much of the caution of Europe, in view of the opportunities for adventure afforded by the South African preoccupations of Great Britain, has been due to the fact that both the internal and external affairs of the great Powers have not been altogether free from serious anxiety. The approaching expiry of the treaty of the Triple Alliance and of the Commercial Conventions which run parallel to it has revealed symptoms of instability in Europe which have rendered a watchful reserve necessary on the part of all the Powers. The first sign of unrest came from Italy. Early in the year it became clear from the flirtations that were taking place between the German Chancellor and the German Agrarians, that a tariff was in preparation in the Fatherland which would be much less favourable to Italian and Austrian produce than the expiring commercial treaties. This caused considerable dissatisfaction in Italy, and it was followed by the formation of a new Cabinet, in which the portfolio for Foreign Affairs was confided to a pronounced Francophile, Signor Prinetti. The new Foreign Minister lost no time in expressing himself strongly with regard to the tariff changes contemplated in



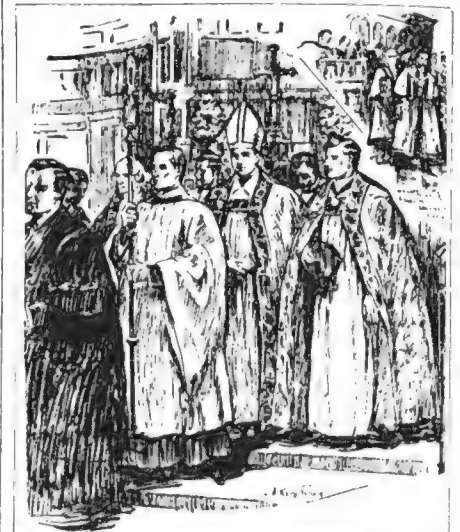
The Wreck of the Caister Lifeboat with a loss of nine lives, November 14th.

Germany, and he accentuated his attitude by advances to France, which took the form of an imposing visit of a naval squadron to Toulon. Though it was protested in Berlin that the Triple Alliance was a political compact which might well co-exist even with tariff wars, the dissatisfaction of Italy was not diminished. When later in the year the draft of the proposed German tariff was published, the disaffection from the Triple Alliance spread to Vienna and Budapest, and strong denunciations of the new tariff were heard even from official quarters. These dissensions within the Triple Alliance afforded France and Russia an opportunity of advertising the durability of the Dual Alliance to the world. Almost immediately after the accession of Signor Prinetti to the Italian Foreign Office, M. Delcassé, the French Foreign Minister, left Paris on a mysterious visit to St. Petersburg. All sorts of conjectures as to the object of this mission were in the air, but the secret was well kept. On August 20th it was officially announced in Paris that the Tsar had accepted an invitation to visit France again. The announcement was received with immense rejoicing, although some regret was expressed that the visit of the Imperial ally of



The New Bishop of London giving the Blessing after his Confirmation in Bow Church, April 17th.

the Republic was not to extend to Paris. The splendour of the reception of the Tsar, who was accompanied by the Tsaritsa, afforded an effective contrast to the bickerings of the members of the Triple Alliance. Any aggressive importance that might have been attributed to the visit was discarded in advance by a cordial interview which took place between the Tsar and the German Emperor at Dantzig, and by a short sojourn of his Imperial Majesty at Copenhagen, where he met his uncle and aunt, the King and Queen of England. None the less, the French gave him a magnificent greeting, the festivities including a fine naval display at Dunkirk and a great military review at Bethune, near Rennes. The world was, however, soon to learn that there were rifts even in the Franco-Russian lute. On the very day that the intended visit of the Tsar to France was announced a serious quarrel broke out between France and Turkey. The



The Enthronisation of the New Bishop of London at St. Paul's Cathedral, April 30th.

progress of this quarrel was followed with unceasing impatience in St. Petersburg, and it was said that Russian diplomacy was actively employed against France in Constantinople. However that may be, there can be no question that the attitude of Russia compelled France to moderate her demands. A French squadron seized the island of Mytilene, with the intention of holding it as a guarantee of the fulfilment of the French demands. The island was, however, evacuated on the bare promise of the Sultan to give satisfaction to France. With all these elements of instability in view, the conviction has more and more forced itself on statesmen that the most enduring guarantee of peace lies less in the equilibrium of great Alliances than in the concert of all the Powers. The past year has witnessed the action of this Concert on an extensive and fruitful scale. All the Powers have acted together with substantial harmony in settling the serious problem presented by the Boxer revolution in China. Their efforts have happily succeeded, although much patience was required. The peace conditions of the Powers were accepted by China on the first day of 1901, but it was not until September that all the negotiations, including those relating to the method of paying the large war indemnity of 450,000,000 taels, were concluded. The only Power who threatened at any time seriously to disturb the Concert of the Powers was Russia. Her anxiety to possess herself in a more or less veiled form of Manchuria, and even of Mongolia, led to several crises, but in the end they blew over. The Manchurian question is still, however, an open question, and as such is a standing menace to the general peace.

#### Foreign—Domestic.

The domestic histories of the various foreign nations during the past year have not presented any features of sensational interest, with the unfortunate exception of the United States, where the President was assassinated by an Anarchist. Everywhere, however, the year has been busy, and the political struggles tense and absorbing. In France M. Waldeck-Rousseau's "Government of National Treason," as the Reactionaries politely dub it, has still kept its place at the helm. It is now in its third year of office, and is by far the longest lived of all the Cabinets of the Third Republic. It is now stronger than ever, owing partly to its courageous anti-clerical policy, which has dealt a severe blow at the Reactionaries, and partly to its skilful foreign policy, which has shown it to be patriotic and faithful to national traditions as the



Dr. Winnington-Ingram, Bishop of London.

most nationalist of Anti-Dreyfusards. Its position was much strengthened by the visit of the Tsar, chiefly because the Opposition had persuaded itself and many other silly people that His Majesty disapproved of M. Delcassé and his Radical Socialist advisers. In Germany the chief political interest has been centred in a struggle between the Reactionaries and the Reactionaries. Here, however, the ultra-Tories, fighting

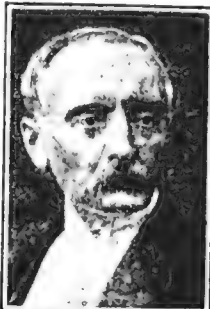


exclusively on the economic field, have been more successful than in France. They wrecked the new Canal Bill, on which the Emperor had set his heart, and they compelled the Chancellor to adopt a policy with regard to the new tariff which is likely not only to produce confusion in the foreign relations of the empire, but also to cripple the expansion of German industry. The growing power of this party, of which the Agrarians are the ruling spirit, is all the more ominous, since during the last year the empire has suffered from an unprecedentedly severe commercial depression. The disappointment of the Emperor at the failure of the Canal Bill was manifested by the dismissal of three Prussian Ministers, including Dr. Von Muel, who was once spoken of as a probable Imperial Chancellor. In January the Bi-centenary of the Prussian Monarchy was celebrated with imposing State festivities in Berlin. In Austria the strife of nation-

alities which has for so long almost paralysed the Parliamentary machine, showed little abatement

during the year. The results of the general elections, which were declared in January, were so far

hopeful that they showed a steady elimination of the Anti-Semitic element, which has been one of the most virulent agents of political and racial disturbance. In Hungary the year's history has been uneventful. The chief domestic occurrence in Italy has been the formation of a new Liberal Cabinet, with Signor Zanardelli as Premier, and Signor Prinetti as Minister for Foreign Affairs. There has been considerable popular unrest in Russia, owing to strikes and the spread of seditious teachings among the students of the Universities. Towards the end of the year the completion of the Siberian Railway was announced. Nothing of very startling importance has happened in the minor European States, the ferment in the Balkans having scarcely risen above the normal. Much public interest was aroused by the marriage of the youthful Queen of the Netherlands to Duke Henry of Mecklenburg, which was solemnised amid great rejoicings at The Hague in February. The history of the United



Prince Hohenzollern.  
Died July 9th.



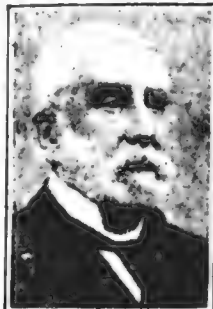
Prince Henry of Orleans.  
Died August 9th.



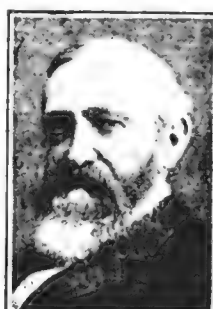
The Empress Frederick of Germany.  
Died August 9th.



The Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar.  
Died January 4th.



Sir E. Watkin.  
Died April 13th.



Ex-President Harrison.  
Died March 13th.



Lord Wantage.  
Died June 10th.



Lord Morris and Killanin.  
Died September 8th.



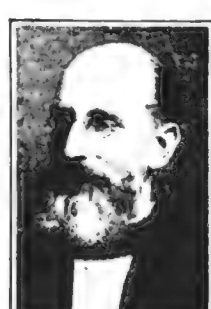
Sir A. L. Smith.  
Died October 20th.



Bishop Stubbs of Oxford.  
Died April 22nd.



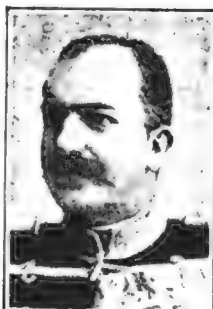
Dr. Westcott, Bishop of Durham.  
Died July 27th.



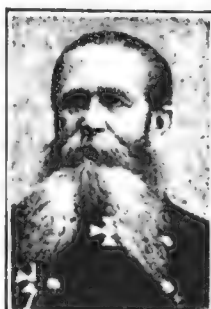
Bishop Creighton of London.  
Died January 14th.



Dr. Tanner, M.P.  
Died April 21st.



Ex-King Milan of Serbia.  
Died February 11th.



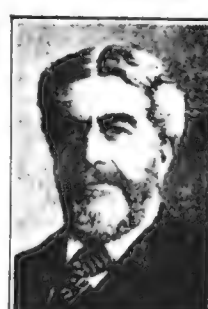
Field Marshal Gurko.  
Died January 29th.



Mrs. Kruger.  
Died July 20th.



Miss Charlotte M. Yonge.  
Died March 24th.



Admiral Sir A. H. Hoskins.  
Died June 21st.



Mr. D'Oyly Carte.  
Died April 3rd.



Sir William Mac Cormac.  
Died December 4th.

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CONSTIPATION.  
DIZZINESS.  
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LIVER  
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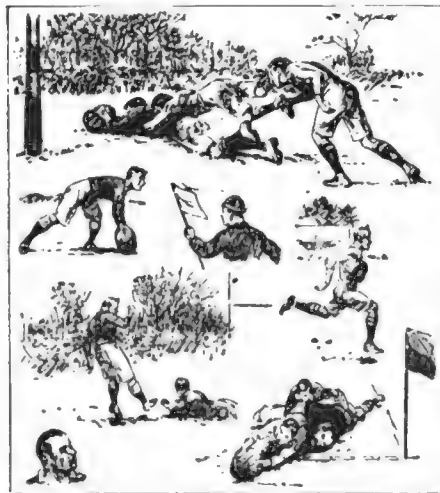
HEAD OFFICE—

**6, BAYER STREET, LONDON, E.C.**



The Oxford and Cambridge Sports at Queen's Club, March 29th.

States of America, otherwise singularly prosperous in 1901, has been darkened by the assassination of President McKinley at the very climax of a deservedly popular career. The inauguration of the President's second term of office had only taken place in March. In the following September he was struck down by an Anarchist named Czolgosz while holding a reception at the Academy of Music in Buffalo. He was succeeded by the Vice-President, Mr. Roosevelt. Early in November the election of Mayor and State officials in New York took place, and resulted in the complete rout of the notorious Tammany Association, which had so long dominated and mismanaged the city. President Roosevelt publicly congratulated the new Mayor on "the overwhelming triumph of the forces of decency." The cares of transmarine possessions and responsibilities have somewhat oppressed the American people during the year. The pacification of the Philippines is proving almost as difficult a task as the restoration of order in South Africa. Although



Scotland defeats England in the Rugby match at Blackheath, March 9th.

Aguinaldo, the chief of the Filipino Government, was captured, together with his entire staff, early in the year, the guerilla warfare has continued, and many of the islands are still unsubjugated, while the loyalty of the remainder is more than suspect. It is still necessary to keep a large army in the archipelago. In South America the situation has been normal. That is to say that the number of rebellions, revolutions, and international quarrels has not been larger than usual. There have been rebellions in both Colombia and Venezuela, complicated by a state of quasi-war between the two Republics. Between Argentina and Chili there has also been a serious quarrel on the long-pending frontier question, and it seemed at one moment probable that the arbitrament of arms, so congenial to the



The Oxford and Cambridge Boatrace, March 30th.

South American temperament, would be sought. Happily a *modus vivendi* pending arbitration was arrived at.

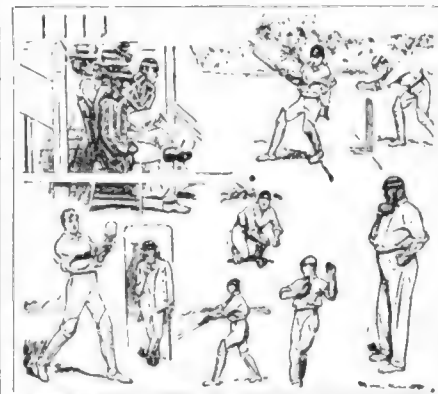
#### IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

The forefront of the home history during the past year has been so strikingly filled by the death of the Queen, the Accession of the King, the festivities connected with the Royal tour, and the absorbing interest excited by the war, that the everyday work of the nation has been somewhat obscured. That work, however, has not been less in volume or in importance than in previous years. It is impossible to do more here than refer briefly to its most salient features. The short Session of Parliament held on the morrow of the demise of the Queen, pursuant to an Act of the reign of Queen Anne, lasted only three days. On February 14th the Session proper began, and was opened by the King in state under circumstances already described. In April the Budget was introduced. Its main proposals were an increase of the income tax from one shilling to one and twopence, the imposition of a duty on sugar, and of an export duty of one shilling per ton on



The Dawn Match between Sheffield United and Tottenham Hotspur in the Final Tie for the Association Cup, April 20th.

coal, and power to raise money for the purposes of the war to the extent of £50,000,000. The receipts for the year were £130,385,000, or £2,855,000 more than the estimate, and the expenditure, including war appropriations amounting to £58,620,000, was £183,592,000. For the year 1901-2 the Chancellor estimated the total Exchequer expenditure, including the cost of the war, at £187,692,000, and the receipts at £132,255,000, showing a deficit of £55,347,000. On the Finance Bill being introduced a strong fight was made against the Chancellor's proposals by the Opposition, but the third reading was carried on July 17th by 291 to 121. The chief feature of the Session has been the question of Army reorganisation, which has been rendered so urgent by the revelations of the South African War. The proposals of the Government were explained by Mr. Brodrick in introducing the Army Estimates. They comprised the maintenance of a regular Army of 155,000 men at



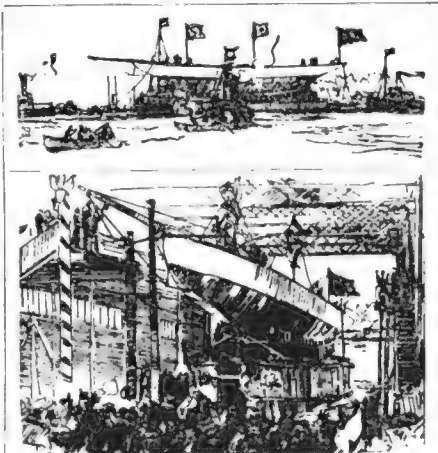
The South African Cricketers' Match with London County at the Crystal Palace, May 20th.

home, an Army Reserve of 90,000, a Militia of 150,000, a Yeomanry of 35,000, and a Volunteer force of 250,000 at least, being a total of 680,000. Of these 250,000 men would constitute the Field Army, 196,000 would furnish the garrison at home, and 100,000 Volunteers would be used in the defence of London. Six army corps were to be organised in the United Kingdom with the requisite Staff, stores, and buildings, and commanded by the officers who would lead them in case of war. At the same time a committee of experts was appointed to consider a scheme for the future organisation of the Army Medical Service. In introducing the Navy Estimates, which amounted to the unprecedented sum of £30,875,000, Mr. Arnold-Forster made the interesting announcement that a number of submarine boats were being experimentally constructed. The first of these vessels was launched at Barrow in October, and preliminary trials are now in progress. The work of legislation in the Commons was varied by several scandalous scenes provoked by the acerbity of party warfare both within and without the walls of Parliament. Early in March, during the debates on the Vote on Account, a scene of unprecedented violence occurred. Having exhausted



Surrey v. Yorkshire at the Oval, for Lockwood's Benefit, September 16th.

their oratorical resources, a section of the Irish members refused to leave their seats when a division was called. The Speaker was sent for, and as the members continued recalcitrant they were named, and the Sergeant-at-Arms was instructed to remove them. They remained deaf, however, to all persuasions, and even threatened to resist the door-keepers. Eventually a force of police had to be sent for, and the contumacious members were then forcibly removed, some being literally carried out of the



The launch of the America Cup Challenger Shamrock II. at Dumbarton, April 20th.

House, and all shouting, struggling, and fighting. This scene gave rise to an amendment of the Standing Orders imposing severer penalties on disorderly members. There were also several questions of privilege before the House. In one case it was proposed to order the editor and publisher of a morning paper to attend at the bar of the House, but the motion was negatived. In another case the editor and publisher of an evening paper were brought to the bar on a charge of calumniating the

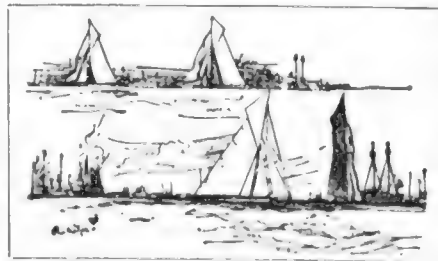


Shamrock's First Defeat by Columbia, September 23rd.

Irish members, and were reprimanded by the Speaker.

#### HOME.—MISCELLANEOUS.

One of the distinctions of the year 1901 is that it was the millenary of the death of King Alfred. Much commemorative literature was published and many commemorative ceremonies performed. On September 20th a colossal statue of the King was unveiled in the Broadway of Winchester, the ceremony being performed by Lord Rosebery, who delivered an eloquent address. Among the miscellaneous



Shamrock's Defeat: The last of the Races for the America Cup, October 4th.

events of the year calling for notice is the installation of Dr. Winnington Ingram as Bishop of London in succession to Dr. Creighton. Dr. Ingram's election was ceremoniously confirmed at Bow Church on April 17th. The ceremony was unfortunately disturbed by disorderly scenes on the part of Mr. Kensit and a noisy group of his friends, who strongly protested against the nomination. At the end of the month the new Bishop was duly enthroned in St. Paul's Cathedral in the presence of an immense congregation of laity and clergy. The year has also been signalled by an unusual number of sensational law cases. The prosecution of Earl Russell for bigamy revived a legal function which had almost passed into the limbo of history. Lord Russell claimed to be tried by his peers, and it consequently became necessary to issue a Royal Commission to try him by the House of Lords. The ceremony was of a curiously archaic



The Final Competitions in the First "Ping Pong" Tournament, Royal Aquarium, December 14th.

kind. The Lord Chancellor presided as Lord High Steward, and there was a large gathering of peers. Lord Russell offered no defence, and was sentenced to three months' imprisonment in Holloway Gaol. Another case which evoked much public interest was the prosecution of the "Morning Leader" and the "Star" for libel by Mr. Arthur Chamberlain, brother of the Colonial Secretary. The case grew out of certain allegations of corrupt practices made against members of the Chamberlain family during the General Election of 1900. After two days' trial a verdict for the plaintiff with £200 damages was entered. In September Dr. Krause, late Boer Commandant at Johannesburg, was arrested in London on a charge of treason. It was alleged against him that he was concerned in plots against the British officials in Johannesburg. The case has as yet not got beyond the preliminary investigation. Towards the end of the year a grant of fraud on the Bank of Liverpool was discovered, and one of the bank clerks was arrested. The sum em-



Sir Henry Irving in "Coriolanus" at the Lyceum, April 15th.

bezzled amounts to nearly £170,000. The fraud seems to have been as ingenious as it was daring, but the case is still sub judice. Besides the bank clerk a number of betting men have been arrested and charged with complicity in the fraud.

#### GREATER BRITAIN.

The centripetal tendencies in the Empire which have been so marked a feature in British history since the Jubilee of 1887 have continued to manifest increased strength and enthusiasm during the past year. Their most remarkable developments have already been referred to in connection with the Imperial tour of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York. The Colonies have continued to support the Imperial Government in prosecuting the war in South Africa, and the close of the year has been signalled by the raising and equipment of further military contingents in Canada, New Zealand, and Australia. An important practical step in Imperial reorganisation was under consideration in the early part of the year. This was the proposed establishment of an Imperial Court of Appeal. ▲





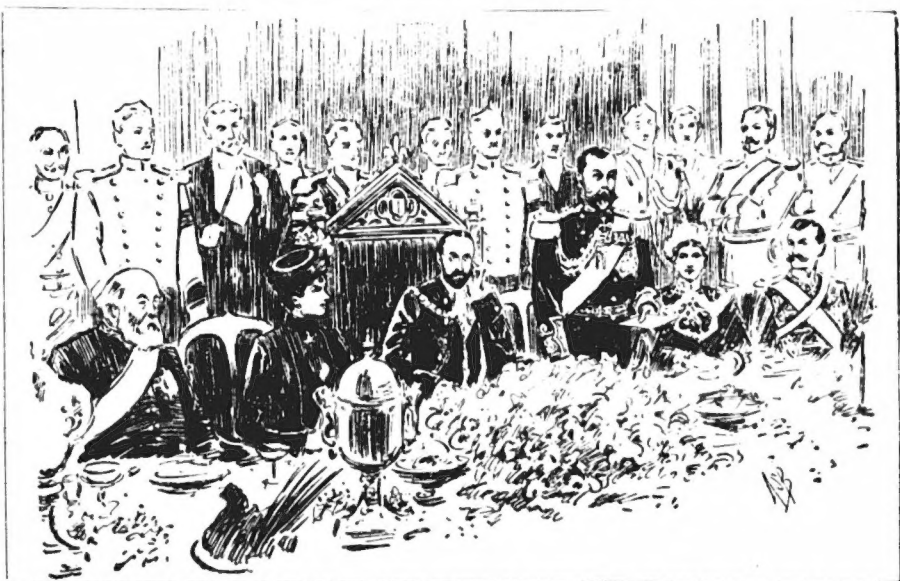
The City's Guests: The Lord Mayor receiving the Prince and Princess of Wales in Guildhall Yard.

conference of Colonial delegates was held under the presidency of Mr. Chamberlain, but no conclusion was arrived at. The spirit of all the delegates was, however, excellent, and while the majority favoured a scheme calculated to strengthen the bonds uniting the Colonies with the Crown, the dissentients opposed it, not on particularist grounds, but solely because the scheme was not sufficiently comprehensive and Imperial. The local histories of the several Colonies have been full of activity and interest. The new Australian Commonwealth has passed from the festivities of its inauguration to the hard work of administration and legislation. Defence, immigration, and tariff have chiefly occupied the attention of the Federal Parliament. The Budget was introduced in October, and showed an estimated revenue of £10,339,760 and an estimated expenditure of £10,241,106, leaving a balance of over £7,000,000 to be returned to the States in the Federation in proportions laid down in the Commonwealth Act. The local histories of the several States have presented few incidents of exceptional importance. New South Wales has had a change of Cabinet and a General Election which has much strengthened the Labour party, and South Australia and Western Australia have also changed their Cabinets, the latter twice during the year. In New Zealand the only event which calls for notice is the final decision of the Government not to enter the Australian Federation. At the same time it agreed to increase its subsidy to the Australasian Squadron. In Canada the new reign, the war, and the Royal tour have as completely obscured everything else as in the Mother Country. India has been comparatively quiet under the excellent administration of Lord Curzon. A new frontier province was created in February out of the former trans-Indus districts of the Punjab. The death of the Amir Abdur Rahman of Afghanistan in October created some anxiety, which, however, entirely passed away when it was seen that the new Amir, Habibullah Khan, ascended the throne without the slightest disturbance of internal order or external relations. Malta has been much distracted by the language and fiscal question owing to the decision of the Home Government that where a British subject not born or naturalised in Malta was concerned he should have the right to demand that legal proceedings should be conducted in English, and that after a period of fifteen years the English language should be definitely adopted as the language of the Maltese Courts. The opponents of this scheme determined to fight the Government on the ground of supplies, and hence it became necessary to legislate by Order of Council. In Egypt and the Sudan the year has passed tranquilly and prosperously. The solidity of the existing situation has permitted of the pardon of Arabi Pasha, who has accordingly returned to his native land. Towards the end of the year the Khedive paid a visit to the Sudan, and was received with much

ceremony and festivity at Omdurman. He expressed great satisfaction at the progress achieved by the Anglo-Egyptian Administration.

#### DISASTERS AND ACCIDENTS.

The debit side of the year's account presents the usual dismal tale of disasters and accidents. Fortunately the record is less heavy than in many previous years. There has been no gigantic catastrophe or overwhelming visitation of Providence reported from any part of the world, although destructive cyclones and storms have not been unrecorded. Five somewhat serious accidents have occurred in the navy. On January 16th the second-class cruiser Sybille, while cruising on the Cape station, was stranded in Lambert's Bay. The vessel became a total loss, but the only life sacrificed was that of a young seaman, who was swept across the deck by a heavy sea and crushed against a 4.7-in. gun. Two further accidents occurred during the naval manoeuvres in August. The Viper, a new destroyer, specially fitted with the turbine system of propulsion, and only commissioned in May, ran on shore in the Channel Islands, and became a total wreck. A torpedo-boat, No. 81, also grounded on the Alderney breakwater, and foundered. This vessel was, however, subsequently raised. There was no loss of life in either case. Far more tragical was the disaster which happened to the turbine destroyer Cobra in September. The boat was a new one, and was on its way from Elswick for delivery at Portsmouth. While off the Lincolnshire coast she suddenly broke amidships, and forty-two officers and men, out of a total crew of fifty-four, were lost. In November a deplorable accident occurred on board the Royal Sovereign while at gun practice on the Mediterranean station. A 6-in. gun exploded, killing one officer and five men, and wounding three officers and sixteen men. Among the accidents in the mercantile marine none excited more interest than the wreck of the French steamer *Russie* at Faraman while on its way from Oran to Marseilles. Stranded by heavy weather within sight of the shore, the vessel, with its freight of one hundred and two living souls seemed doomed to destruction owing to the difficulties in the way of conveying assistance. During four days desperate attempts to reach the vessel were made, and it was only at the end of the fourth day that a hawser was got on board. The relief of the passengers and crew was then methodically effected, and not a single life was lost. Two sad mining disasters have to be recorded. In May the Sengheny Colliery, in South Wales, was the



The Royal visit to the City: The Prince of Wales replying to the toast of the Royal Family at the Guildhall.

scene of an explosion in which seventy-seven lives were lost. In August an accident happened at the Donibristle Colliery, in Fifeshire, when ten miners were entombed by a sudden subsidence of the mine. All efforts to save them proved fruitless. A remarkable catastrophe, resulting in the loss of three lives, occurred at Hackney Wick towards the end of July. Owing to a storm the naphtha tanks in a local chemical factory overflowed and exploded. Besides the three lives lost, eight persons were severely injured, and eleven houses wrecked. The worst accident of this kind that took place abroad during the year was the explosion at the Issy cartridge factory, near Paris. The cause of the accident has not been ascertained. The factory was laid in ruins, and twenty-five lives were lost, while many of the workpeople were severely injured. Of railway accidents the most remarkable was a fire which broke out on a train of the Liverpool Overhead (Electric) Railway on December 23rd. The whole train was destroyed, and six persons lost their lives. The cause of the fire has not yet been ascertained, but it is believed to have been due to some derangement of the motor.

#### THE DEATH ROLL.

Death has been exceptionally busy among the notabilities of the world during 1901. Besides Queen Victoria, and her daughter, the Empress Frederick, the Royal circle has lost the ex-King Milan of Serbia, the Grand Duke Charles Alexander of Saxe-Weimar Eisenach, Prince Henri of Orleans, Prince Christian of Cumberland, and Princess Amelia of Schleswig-Holstein. Two Republican presidents, Mr. McKinley and Senor Errazuriz, of Chili, and one ex-President of the United States, General Harrison, have passed away. The death of the Amir, who was undoubtedly one of the most remarkable of the princes of Asia, has already been referred to. The general home list includes the names of Dr. Creighton, Bishop of London, and Dr. Stubbs, Bishop of Oxford, both historians of the first rank; Dr. Westcott, Bishop of Durham; Canon Isaac Taylor, well known for his antiquarian and philological labours; the Rev. H. R. Haweis, and the Rev. Brooke Lambert, popular preachers; Sir A. L. Smith, Master of the Rolls; Mr. Justice Murphy, of the Supreme Court in Ireland; Sir Franklin Lushington, the chief metropolitan magistrate; General Arthur Fremantle; Admiral Comberrell; Sir Courtney Boyle, the Permanent Secretary to the Board of Trade; Dr. Tanner, M.P., the "enfant terrible" of the Irish party; Sir Edward Watkin, the railway magnate; Sir Walter Besant, author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men"; Robert Buchanan, poet, novelist, dramatist, and critic; Miss Charlotte Yonge, author of "The Heir of Redclyffe"; Mr. W. J. Stillman, the veteran journalist; Miss Ormerod, the entomologist; Miss Davenport-Hill; Mr. F. W. H. Myers, the essayist and writer on psychical research; Mr. George Smith, the publisher and creator of the "Dictionary of National Biography"; Sir John Stainer and Mr. C. K. Solomon, the musicians; M. Jules

Riviere, the famous conductor; Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte, the great entrepreneur of comic opera; Miss Kate Greenaway, the incomparable artist of child life; Mr. E. W. Wimperis, Vice-President of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours; the Duchess of Cleveland, mother of Lord Rosebery; and Lady Hilda Brodrick, the wife of the Secretary for War. The Colonies have lost Sir James R. Dickson, K.C.M.G., first Minister of Defence in the Australian Commonwealth Cabinet; Sir Edward W. Stafford, three times Premier of New Zealand; Sir John Mackenzie, ex-Minister of Lands in New Zealand; Sir James Agnew, ex-Premier of Tasmania; Sir Lloyd Mathews, Premier of Zanzibar; the Begum of Bhopal; the Maharana of Dholpur; Mr. Pretorius, ex-President of the Transvaal; and Mrs. Kruger, wife of the fugitive ex-President Kruger. The foreign obituary has been exceptionally heavy, especially on the political side. It comprises the names of Prince Hohenlohe, formerly German Imperial Chancellor; Signor Crispi, long the foremost statesman in Italy; the Duc de Broglie, who was Premier in France during the reactionary Presidency of Marshal MacMahon; Dr. Von Miquel, one of the leading statesmen in Prussia; Li Hung Chang, the Bismarck of the Far East; Field-Marshal Count von Bismarck, one of the heroes of the great war against France in 1870; General Gurko, who brilliantly distinguished himself in the march on Constantinople in 1877; General Baratieri, who led the Italian army to irreparable disaster at Adowa; Count William Von Bismarck, the distinguished son of the Iron Chancellor; Professor Nordenskjöld, the geographer and Arctic explorer; Major Serpa Pinto, the African traveller; Signor Verdi, the great composer, and author of "Ernani"; Signor Patti, the famous violinist; Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, the inventor of the Shakespeare-Bacon cryptogram craze; and Edmond Got, the popular French actor.

#### SCIENCE.

The last year of the old century merged into the first of the new one without any great scientific discovery to mark what mathematically was an unimportant fact, and the first six months passed by with few terrestrial occurrences of scientific interest, except so far as science could elucidate the presence of arsenic in beer, or the merits of water-tube boilers. Upon both these points scientific investigation was invited in the Royal Commissions formed to inquire into the subjects. The results of the Naval Boilers inquiry embraced many questions which do not come within the scope of a scientific summary. The Arsenical Beer Poisoning inquiry resulted in valuable recommendations with respect to the uses of glucose and "invert" sugar in the manufacture of beer.

#### Nova Persei.

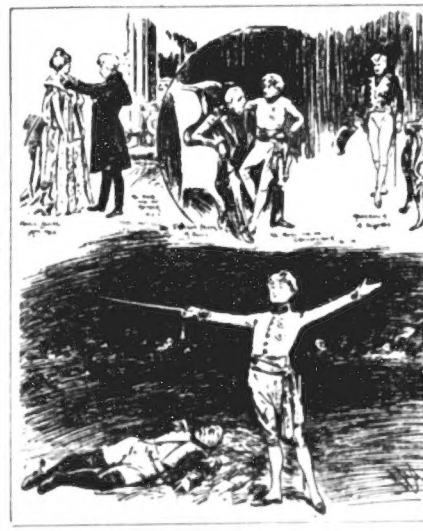
The early part of the year was marked by a celestial phenomenon of great interest. In the constellation of Perseus a "new star" began to glow with a brightness which quickly made it a conspicuous



"The Queen's Double" at the Garrick Theatre, April 27th.



Madame Bernhardt and M. Coquelin in "La Dame aux Camélias" at Her Majesty's Theatre, July 1st.



Madame Bernhardt and M. Coquelin in "L'Aiglon" at Her Majesty's Theatre, June 3rd.



"The Last of the Dandies" at Her Majesty's Theatre, October 24th.



object to the lowest powers of telescopes. The brilliant object, after waxing in brightness for nine days after it was first observed, began to fade, after the manner of these celestial apparitions, with equal rapidity, and soon sank to the level in brightness of the most inconspicuous star. Late in the year, however, Professor Perrine, of the Lick Observatory, announced that a portion of the nebula which surrounded the star had moved its position, and was continuing to move with a rapidity which, assuming the operations giving birth to it to be at the distance of the Milky Way, was equivalent to nearly 40,000,000 miles in a day. Explanations suggested by Sir Norman Lockyer of these amazing occurrences do not in the least diminish the wonder they excite. Sir Norman Lockyer believes that the brightness called the New Star is situated at the distance of the nearest stars of the Milky Way; and that distance is so vast that it would take twenty-five to thirty years for light to travel from it to this world, so that what astronomers perceived last year really happened in the seventies. The brightness is not a coherent mass, but is a vast area of meteoric bodies inflamed into brightness by collisions of the various swarms of meteorites. The first great collision produced the great brightness of the new star. The subsequent fainter illuminations he attributes to smaller collisions of the meteorites within the billion cubic miles of Nova Persei's gaseous nebula.

#### Scientific Congresses.

No congress of the year was able to produce such a "sensation" as the Tuberculosis Congress. Convened in the intention of its members to exchange views as to the prevention of tuberculosis by infection, and to give publicity to views which were common to all physicians on the causes of the disease, it was riven into two sections at its very outset by the address of Dr. Koch. The German bacteriologist declared that the tuberculosis which afflicts mankind and the tuberculosis which affects cattle are distinct diseases, and are not interchangeable; and that therefore the precautions taken to prevent the sale or the consumption of tuberculous milk and butter and meat are mostly unnecessary. This statement, which fell like a figurative bombshell in the congress, was attacked from a great many quarters, and both in the United States and in England scientific Government inquiries were set on foot to test its truth. In spite of this dislocating conflict of scientific opinion, a great deal of good was done by the congress, which was addressed by Lord Lister and Professor Brouardel, and which inspired new public energy in the direction of better and continuous sanitary measures to prevent the spread of the tubercle bacillus. By comparison with this congress, the assembly of the British Association at Glasgow, where the Engineering Congress had just preceded it, was of small popular interest. But the

level of the presidential and sectional addresses was higher than it has been for some years, a fact perhaps inspired by the influence of Glasgow University and Lord Kelvin.

#### SPORT.

England, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say Great Britain, has engaged in several international contests in sport during the year—yachting, cricket, boating, and athletics among them; but no doubt that which excited the widest interest was the struggle of Shamrock II. to bring back the America Cup from the United States.

#### Yachting.

Many preliminary trials, in a double sense, awaited both the challenger and the defender of the Cup. Shamrock II., in her trials with Shamrock I., had a serious accident in the Solent, her hollow steel mast buckling during a trial in which the King was on board. Messrs. Herreshoff built a new yacht—Constitution—to defend the Cup, and this yacht was also dismayed during a trial; but she was more unlucky in another respect than Sir Thomas Lipton's boat, because as the result of her trials with Columbia, the preceding defender of the Cup, she was discarded, and Columbia chosen instead. The first race between Shamrock II. and Columbia was sailed on Saturday, September 28th, on a windward and

return course. Shamrock II. led to the outer mark, but in a falling wind was caught by Columbia on the way home, and beaten by 37sec. actual time, and by 1min. 20sec. with time allowance. The second race was unfinished on October 1st, owing to lack of wind, but a good breeze awaited the yachts for the race over the triangular course two days later. Shamrock II., in this race, inflicted the severest disappointment on her admirers, and was beaten by 1min. 18sec. actual time. In the last race, sailed next day, Shamrock II. crossed the winning line first by two seconds, but, with time allowance taken in, she was beaten by 41sec., and so lost the third race and the rubber.

#### Cricket.

A dull cricket season was given a second lease of life by the departure of a team under Mr. MacLaren upon an Australian tour. In making up his team Mr. MacLaren had several disappointments, the two leading batsmen of the year—Messrs. C. B. Fry and K. S. Ranjitsinhji—finding themselves unable to go, and Yorkshire, which was the leading county in 1901, declining to permit Hirst or Rhodes, the two bowlers who were at the top of the bowling averages, to accompany the team. None the less, Mr. MacLaren got together a team of young men and brilliant fielders; and this team, although its batting was a disappointment in the matches against South Aus-

tralia and New South Wales, came off brilliantly in the first Test Match against All Australia. The varied batting amassed 464 runs in the first innings, and brilliant fielding aided sound bowling to get rid of the Australians twice for 134 runs less than that number, and thus to draw first blood for England. Chief events of the English season's cricket were the repetition of Yorkshire's victory in the County Championship, though in 1901 Somersetshire spoilt the Yorkshire record by beating her in one game. Oxford drew with Cambridge; Harrow beat Eton handsomely by ten wickets; and the Players twice beat the Gentlemen, first by 221 runs, and then by ten wickets.

#### Rowing.

Oxford beat Cambridge in the University Boat-race, superior form telling in the last mile, though Cambridge had led most of the way. Henley received several foreign entries, including one from Pennsylvania University for the Grand Challenge Cup. The Americans were beaten by Leander in the final. Trinity Hall, Cambridge, won the Thames Cup; Balliol College, Oxford, the Goblets and Visitors; University College, Oxford, the Ladies' Plate; Third Trinity, Cambridge, the Stewards'; Trinity Hall, Cambridge, the Wyfolds; and Mr. C. V. Fox the Diamonds. Altogether a University year, though Mr. Blackstaffe won the Wingfield Sculls.

#### Football.

The only match of particular popular interest played in the present season has been that between Oxford and Cambridge at Queen's Club. The superior back play of Oxford won them the game by a goal and a try; but the young Fettes and Loretto forwards of the Light Blues played the better game, and England's prospects in the International matches look as black as last season. Last season England was at the bottom of the Rugby International table, though at the top in the Association game. Scotland was first at Rugby, second at Association. A Southern club—Tottenham Hotspur—won the English Association Cup.

#### Athletics and Lawn Tennis.

Oxford beat Cambridge in the University sports by six events to four, and at golf by 28 holes to 9, as well as Association football. Cambridge won the chess match. There was a revival of interest in lawn tennis during the year, owing to an invasion of United States players. In the Championship finals at Wimbledon, however, Messrs. R. P. and H. L. Doherty upheld the supremacy of England by beating the Americans, Messrs. Dwight and Davis. This summary would be incomplete without a reference to a Ping-pong tournament held at the Aquarium in December.



Stiles, Goudie, Burge, and Kelly, charged with complicity in the Liverpool Bank Robbery, at Bow Street.

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